

# THE NATION

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## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE Prime Minister's announcement, that both the Opposition parties will be invited to nominate delegates to the Round-Table Conference on India, will be generally welcomed in this country. The proceedings at the Conference can in no way impair the ultimate responsibilities of the Government and of Parliament; but it is clear that if any agreement can be reached at a Conference representing all three British parties, the passage of the subsequent legislation will be greatly facilitated. A still more important consideration is the desirability—in the interest of future relations between Great Britain and India—of associating the British people as a whole, and not merely the Government of the moment, with this great effort to satisfy Indian aspirations. These considerations appear to be more and more appreciated in India itself, where the opposition to three-party representation is gradually dying down, and is not likely to be revived unless the party nominations should include some politician whose recent speeches have been grossly offensive to moderate Indian opinion. It was the fear of such an appointment that led Indian Liberalism to object to the proposal. It rests with the Opposition leaders to show that those fears were unfounded.

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A much more difficult problem is whether the Simon Commission should be represented at the Conference. Sir Austen Chamberlain urged that Sir John Simon himself should be invited, as a non-party delegate, and Mr. Lloyd George spoke on the same side.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald stated that the Government had not yet come to a decision on the point; but that his own feeling was strongly against any of the Commissioners being delegates to the Conference. It is clear that no one could explain the recommendations of the Simon Report, and the reasons for adopting them, with so much authority as a member of the Commission, but against this must be put the risk of exciting suspicions that the Conference was to be tied down to the Report as its main, if not its only agenda, and a speech made by Lord Burnham in the House of Lords could be used with some effect for that purpose. The one question that matters is whether representation of the Commission would, or would not, promote the success of the Conference, and Mr. MacDonald has probably taken the wisest possible step in consulting the Viceroy before coming to a definite decision.

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The Egyptian debate in the House of Commons was a tragedy of wasted opportunity. Mr. MacDonald had no difficulty in answering Mr. Churchill, who, with his customary eagerness to make party capital out of foreign affairs, argued that the present Government were solely responsible for the conflict between the Waft and the Crown, because they recalled Lord Lloyd (who was in strong opposition to the policy of their Conservative predecessors); desired (like those predecessors) that there should be a constitutional Government in Egypt; and negotiated a treaty which would have had the result of withdrawing from Cairo the British troops who were confined to barracks during

the recent disturbances. The pity is that, having disposed of Mr. Churchill, the Prime Minister did not seize the opportunity to make a definite and positive statement of policy.

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Mr. MacDonald dealt at great length with our ultimate responsibility for the safety of foreign lives and property in Egypt. He did not explain how this responsibility could be satisfied by British warships lying at a distant anchorage, while British troops at the centre of disturbance were confined to barracks. The truth is, of course, that the Egyptian authorities had the situation well in hand; that the sending of the warships was a gesture, and that our responsibilities in Egypt need to be redefined in relation to existing facts. Again, Mr. MacDonald admitted that the Government had departed from the strict, legalistic interpretation of diplomatic proprieties, by tendering to both parties to the quarrel advice as to the danger of allowing it to lead to a real breakdown of law and order. Clearly if the Government have a moral right to issue this negative warning, they have a moral right to do something constructive, by tendering their good offices to compose the quarrel and facilitate the formation of a Government capable of extricating Egypt from her present internal and external difficulties. What Mr. MacDonald should have said, is discussed in another part of this issue.

\* \* \*

The House of Commons has always been properly sensitive with regard to reflections on its honour, and it is not surprising that the remarks of Mr. Sandham, the Labour Member for Kirkdale, should be resented. Speaking at a conference in the country, Mr. Sandham said:—

"Labour Members can receive bribes to help pass doubtful Bills in the interests of private individuals. Labour Members can get stupidly drunk in this place. . . . It is known that Labour Members accepted money from moneylenders and other interests, and it is known that Labour Members of Parliament get drunk in the House."

These charges have been referred to the Committee of Privileges, and it is necessary that they shall be fully investigated. It would be better to ignore them altogether than to have an incomplete or prejudiced inquiry. The political note-writer of the *Times* stated on Wednesday that, "It is understood that every effort will be made to restrict the inquiry to the specific allegation made by Mr. Sandham, who limited his charges to Labour members." We trust that the implication is unfounded, and that every allegation will be probed.

\* \* \*

In existing circumstances last week's debate on the state of trade could not be other than depressing, but it elicited from Mr. Graham a number of interesting statements. He made a feeble defence of the Government's refusal to publish a report of the iron and steel inquiry on the ground that it might do harm amongst our foreign competitors (how can full and exact knowledge of existing deficiencies do more harm than the deficiencies themselves?) and revealed the fact that reorganization is actually being delayed pending a safeguarding duty. He urged the cotton industry to press on with reconstruction, and mildly hinted that, failing voluntary action, the Government would consider compulsion. He expressed the hope that the Coal Bill would tide the industry over the worst of the present depression, and would enable satisfactory results to be achieved from the forthcoming negotiations between the principal European producers. He announced that

an official mission would be sent to the Far East in order to ascertain what action could be taken to stimulate trade with the great Eastern market. On the other hand, though he recognized the connection between the existing slump and the fall in world prices, he abstained from comment other than a pious hope in the conclusions of the Macmillan Committee's investigations. As usual, Mr. Graham was most urbane; but urbanity is not exactly the most essential quality for the man who sits in the conning-tower of British trade in a time of economic hurricane.

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In a letter to the Prime Minister, Lord Ullswater has recorded the complete failure of the Conference on Electoral Reform. The Tories, it appears, were prepared to consider Proportional Representation but vetoed the Alternative Vote. The representatives of the Labour Party were dead against P.R., but showed a disposition to entertain A.V., if it were accompanied by other electoral changes. The Liberals naturally considered that any change would be an improvement on the present system, and Lord Craigmyle (better known as Lord Shaw of Dunfermline) presented a lively memorandum in favour of the Alternative Vote. The breakdown occurred through the division of the Conference on strictly Party lines, rendering agreement impossible. The hope that emerges from Lord Ullswater's report is that, with improved relations between the Liberal and Labour Parties, the present Government may still be persuaded to put through the Alternative Vote before the Dissolution.

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The recent decline in the cost-of-living index number published by the Ministry of Labour and the reduction which has already followed, or is due to follow, in wage rates which fluctuate in accordance with movements in that index, have provoked a natural and unavoidable dissatisfaction amongst the workers concerned. At the same time, the system of sliding scales based on the cost of living is being subjected to renewed criticism by the Staff Side of the Civil Service. These complaints must undoubtedly be heard with sympathy, for not merely is a cut of money incomes a most unpleasant affair at the best of times, but the Civil Service, especially in the higher grades, have their salaries regulated by a device which takes little or no account of many most important items in a middle-class standard of living. Nevertheless, since some of our principal economic difficulties spring from the disparity between sheltered and unsheltered wages and prices and from the rigidity of our wage system in a period of falling prices, to abate the operation of cost-of-living sliding scales at the present moment would be highly undesirable and paradoxical, if not indeed actually dangerous to trade recovery and the reduction of unemployment. Like so many of our current economic problems, the question of wage scales is one in which the long view brings the biggest gains.

\* \* \*

The Canadian elections have resulted in a sweeping victory for the Conservatives, who hold, according to the latest figures, 186 seats out of 245, while the Liberals have retained only 85 seats. Even in Quebec, the Liberals have lost 24 seats. This landslide may be attributed largely to the inevitable reaction after the Liberals had held office continuously since 1921, but it represents also a victory for the Conservative doctrine of high protection, which has been stimulated by the new United States tariff. The issue of unemployment has swayed many votes. Despite the example of the United States, there appear to be Canadians, as there are Australians, and people in Great Britain, who think

that the best cure for unemployment is the building up of higher and thicker obstacles to trade. So far as Imperial affairs are concerned, the result will undoubtedly be to increase the strength of the Canadian demand for preferences from Great Britain, and to decrease the Canadian willingness to grant preferences to British products. This will probably be hailed as a triumph for Empire Free Trade.

\* \* \*

The foundation of the German State party may lead to a revival of Liberalism in Germany. The new party consists of the Democrats, whose principles are not unlike those of English Liberalism, and the Young German Order, which latterly has done something to live down its anti-Socialist and distinctly reactionary past. The Young German Order now stands for a moderate bourgeois programme, and, in foreign policy, has idealistic leanings towards friendship with France. The hope is that the new party may attract to its fold the left wing of the People's Party, the party of Stresemann and the descendant of the old National Liberals. That a good deal of Liberalism still exists in the People's Party is quite often and sometimes forcibly shown. There is little doubt that if Stresemann were alive to-day he would enter wholeheartedly into the project for a united left-wing Liberal party, which is the aim of the founders of the German State Party.

\* \* \*

The Lithuanian authorities have taken a bold decision with regard to the ex-dictator M. Valdemaras. Early on July 25th, a squad of police visited him at Kovno; informed him that the Government had proclaimed him a person "harmful to public order," and escorted him to the country. He is now under strict supervision in an isolated village. The Lithuanian Government have been forced into this step by persistent rumours of plots for the restoration of the dictatorship; but its significance is not confined to Lithuanian internal politics. It is at least an interesting coincidence that the arrest of M. Valdemaras should have followed immediately on a statement by M. Grinius, an ex-President and now leader of the Populist Party, that the time has come for a modification of the Lithuanian attitude with regard to Vilna. It is too early to infer that the Lithuanian Government are contemplating a negotiation for the resumption of relations with Poland, merely because they have arrested a dangerous firebrand; but every step taken to eradicate the influence of M. Valdemaras and his "Iron Wolf" organization makes Lithuania less of a danger spot in Europe.

\* \* \*

The discussion and proposals at the recent annual meeting of the British Medical Association represent a further step in the evolution of State Medicine. The Assembly considered two important subjects: their policy in respect to voluntary and State hospitals, and schemes for a general medical service to include all classes. For the present the Association is contenting itself with putting forward a scheme which will provide the service of a medical practitioner for every member of the community. He will act as medical adviser and attendant to the individual patient and will provide the link with the hospital services. In this way it is hoped that all the special facilities of hospitals will be made directly accessible to patients through his medium. At present the family or panel doctor who secures the admission of his patient to a hospital temporarily relinquishes his supervision and his "case." It is felt that this system is to a certain extent disadvantageous to both patient and doctor. Therefore it has also been proposed that in certain cases the doctor should have

the power to continue looking after his patient personally or under the supervision of the specialist or medical officer in charge.

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These suggestions are of far-reaching importance, and, for a body of this kind, almost revolutionary. The trade-union spirit is obvious throughout. The aim of the scheme is to preserve the present power and relative freedom of the general practitioner. Nevertheless, many practitioners view it with alarm since they believe that it will mean a severe curtailment of private practice and the concomitant fees. No doubt this is true, but ultimately it will mean that the average income of a doctor will be stabilized at quite a fair economic figure and the medical services vastly improved. It was suggested by one member that the present scheme had been put forward only under the threat of the possibility of a full time State Medical Service. This was emphatically denied. It is useless, however, to ignore the fact that the step proposed is undoubtedly a plunge towards State Medicine, whether the profession likes that aspect of it, or not.

\* \* \*

A somewhat heated debate on the giving of birth control advice at maternity and Child Welfare Centres occurred at the same annual meeting of the British Medical Association. The debate was well reported in the *Times*. A motion was on the paper in the name of the chairman of the Medico-Political Committee. It stated that "with control, advice should be given on medical grounds only and at the discretion of the medical officer in connection with any individual case and not merely because it is asked for by the patient." To this resolution an amendment was moved by Dr. Langdon Downs affirming that "every medical practitioner has a right to advise either for or against the use of contraceptive methods in accordance with his individual judgment and responsibility." This amendment was accepted by the chairman of the Medico-Political Committee, and carried. The resolution thus passed marks an improvement in the views of the British Medical Association. Nevertheless, it is pertinent to point out that medical students receive no official instruction in methods of birth control.

\* \* \*

The peasants of Italy have once again been visited by a terrible calamity. In the early hours of July 23rd, the tremors of an earthquake were seen and felt all over southern Italy, and in a few minutes scores of mountain hamlets, filled with sleeping villagers, were turned into collections of blazing farmsteads and shattered cottages. The destructive forces were most implacable in the villages round Melfi, where the main roads to the bigger towns were soon blocked with fugitives, and the hillsides covered with families too feeble or too terrified to move further. Long and mournful experience has vested the Italian relief services with a grim efficiency, and such suffering as can be alleviated is being relieved by the authorities, who are working day and night to house the homeless and tend the injured. It is deplorable that the general chorus of sympathy should be marred by statements from three high dignitaries of the Catholic Church—Cardinals Ascalesi, Schuster, and Minoretti, which come very near blasphemy. According to Cardinal Minoretti, the calamity occurred because God is indignant that the Neapolitan ladies now wear very short skirts and inadequate blouses. He does not explain why he continues to serve a Being so ferocious and so incapable that he kills thousands of peasants because he has seen too much of a few society women's legs.

## THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT

THE declared policy of the British Government with regard to the Egyptian crisis is comprised in one word: Non-Intervention. The British forces and diplomatic representatives in Egypt have been instructed to preserve the strictest neutrality in the quarrel between the Wafd and the Crown. Sidky Pasha, who purports to represent the Egyptian Government, and Nahas Pasha, who purports to represent the Egyptian people, have both been reminded of their responsibilities for the lives and property of foreigners. Sidky is warned that British forces cannot be used for an attack on the Egyptian Constitution, and replies, with fine indignation, that nobody asked that they should be. A gentle hint is conveyed to Nahas that—Constitution or no Constitution—the King's Government must be carried on, for the security of foreign interests.

This is all very correct and negative. What we are waiting for is some indication that the Government has a positive as well as a negative policy. It is not enough to refrain from doing the wrong thing when dealing with a steadily deteriorating situation; it is also necessary to do the right one.

That the situation, if left to itself, must deteriorate, is certain. For the moment, the riots have been suppressed, by a free use of Egyptian troops to reinforce the police; but every factor that produced the riots remains in full operation. It is unnecessary to enter into any hair-splitting as to the legality of the prorogation of the Egyptian Parliament: the essential fact is that the existing Government is without any following in the Chamber, dare not dissolve, and could not hope for a majority as the result of any elections that could possibly be squared with the theory of representative government. It must govern without Parliament or not at all. Meanwhile, the whole energies of the Wafd, the one political party in Egypt with a large popular following, are driven into equally unconstitutional channels. A campaign of non-co-operation is talked about. New riots may break out at any moment, and political riots in Egypt are liable, at any moment, to assume an anti-foreign character. And, however much they may dislike it, the British Government have still a responsibility to the world for the protection of foreigners in Egypt, as they have, in fact, acknowledged by sending warships to Alexandria.

This is what makes professions of negative neutrality sound a little hypocritical. If the sorriest Levantine loafer who can claim British, French, or Italian nationality, gets his head broken by a Wafd partisan, the British, French, or Italian Press and public may quite easily lose its own head, and clamour for the British garrison to be used for the protection of the foreign quarters, without regard to the fervent constitutional zeal that dictated the head-breaking. Yet if British troops were so used, they would inevitably be represented as intervening on behalf of the existing Government.

The danger is so serious that something more is needed than a mere repetition of the British Government's distaste for intervention. Until an Anglo-Egyptian treaty has been concluded, and the question of the Capitulations settled, British responsibilities in Egypt cannot be denied; but they should and must be

redefined in the light of existing facts. They are a survival from days when Europeans first established trade settlements in countries governed by Oriental despots and inhabited by a fanatical population of militant Moslems. In such circumstances it was natural enough for a Power with predominant interests in the country to assume general responsibility for the protection of foreigners; and even an isolated attack on a foreign resident would call this responsibility into operation. But such a position is wholly anomalous in a country with an army, a police, and a judiciary at least as efficient as those of many States whose absolute sovereignty is unquestioned. The British troops in Egypt might properly be employed, as the Shanghai force was employed, to prevent a massacre of foreigners which the local authorities were powerless to avert; they should not be called out because one or two foreigners have suffered in the course of civil disturbances; for no police, however efficient, can give an absolute guarantee against damage to life and property in times of tumult.

It is within the power of the Government to obtain from their representatives on the spot first-hand evidence as to the measures taken by the Egyptian authorities to safeguard life and property. We suggest that they should publish that evidence to the world, and intimate, at the same time, that British troops will, in no event, be employed so long as the Egyptian authorities can give such measure of security as would be considered adequate in the case of any independent State—in other words, that British responsibilities will only come into active operation in circumstances which would normally warrant a foreign intervention.

This, however, is only the smaller part of the problem. The major issue is the crisis itself, and not its symptoms. Here, too, we think there is room for a positive policy, without any departure from neutrality. It is clear that the British Government cannot take sides in the quarrel between the Wafd and the Crown. It is, we think, equally clear that they should at least attempt to compose it.

The Government's attitude has been that they will not make a Treaty with any Egyptian Government that does not represent the Egyptian people, and it is obvious that a treaty made with a British nominee, kept in power by British bayonets, would be worth very little. It would be grossly inaccurate to describe Sidky Pasha in those terms; but the Wafd, unfortunately, can defend their Bills for the protection of the Constitution by saying that those terms would aptly describe some previous Governments. And it is clear, whatever may be thought of the means by which the Wafd obtains its influence, that no Government unsupported by the Wafd has the least chance of a majority in the Egyptian Chamber.

The Wafd's own brief tenure of office was sadly futile. It wrecked, by overbidding its hand, its chance of concluding an Anglo-Egyptian Treaty; it has no legislative or administrative achievements to compare with the good work done by its unconstitutional predecessors. Nourished in Opposition, the Wafd is poorly equipped with men of administrative experience, and some have suspected that its main object in raising, prematurely and truculently, the issue of the prerogative, was to avoid risking its popularity by dealing with the grave economic crisis arising from the fall in the price of Egyptian cotton. With an overwhelming majority in the Chamber, the Wafd has found it difficult to govern; its rivals have been compelled to govern without a majority.

A Coalition appears to be an absolute necessity, either for a final settlement with Great Britain, or for

a quiet and orderly development of Egypt's internal affairs. Hitherto, every effort to form a Coalition has failed. But the present crisis gives a new opportunity. Many educated Egyptians, opposed to the Wafd, are gravely concerned—as was illustrated by Ziwar Pasha's letter in the *Times* of July 21st—about this new suspension of constitutional government. On the other hand, there are signs that the diplomatic and political failures of the Wafd are beginning to undermine its prestige, and Nahas Pasha, who clearly has no wish to revive the purely anti-British agitation on which it rose to power, is badly in need of some more substantial political luggage.

The question of a Coalition is one for the Egyptians themselves, but the British representatives in Egypt are very well placed to play—officially or unofficially—the part of honest broker. The British Government has said that it will not support an attack on the Egyptian Constitution; that it will negotiate a treaty only with a representative Government; that it is ready to resume negotiations at the point where they broke off. There should be at least a possibility of persuading both the Wafd leaders and the best representatives of the older parties, that a Coalition, with an agreed programme including the ultimate resumption of the treaty negotiations, affords a better chance of prestige to themselves and of benefit to Egypt than a continuation of the present futile and dangerous deadlock.

There is no certainty of success in such a course; there is even a risk of advice and suggestions being misinterpreted and resented. But the possible gain is great, and the risks are smaller than those of a policy of inaction. If we wanted an excuse for intervening in the domestic affairs of Egypt, we should be well advised to wait patiently for the inevitable explosion; our only chance of preserving our neutrality lies in mediation.

## THE LOST GENERATION

By MAJOR H. L. NATHAN, M.P.

FOURTEEN years ago nearly a whole generation perished.

In July, 1916, most of the men who to-day would be in the seats of power in business, politics, literature, were wiped out. They were obliterated before the wall of steel at Beaumont Hamel; they were mown down by the machine-guns in Delville Wood; they stumbled to their death up the terrible Bapaume Road. All that crusading enthusiasm that found its expression in the queues outside the recruiting offices in August, 1914, the sacrifice of well-paid jobs, the cheerful endurance of the rigour and exasperations of Army training, the uncomplaining surrender of personality to the War machine was extinguished in the shambles of the Somme. Kitchener was drowned in May. His Army only survived him a few months. But Great Britain is only now beginning to realize that loss in all its bitterness.

For now the time has come when we want those young men who to-day should be in the fullness of their powers and their maturity to help us out of our difficulties. We are sighing in vain for the men whose lives we recklessly used up in the awful slaughter of those weeks.

In the House of Commons the old men remain enthroned. The men who sat on the front benches in 1914 are there still. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was leader of the Labour Party in 1910; he is still leader twenty years afterwards. Mr. Winston Churchill was the *enfant terrible* of 1904, and though now foremost in the front rank of administrators and parliamentarians, is still playing very

much the same rôle. Sir Austen Chamberlain was Chancellor of the Exchequer nearly thirty years ago, he is still making oracular utterances from the centre of the Tory front bench.

Mr. Lloyd George was a leading member of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Cabinet a quarter of a century back: to-day he is the sole world-figure in the British Parliament: he was in his early forties then; now he is the Father of the House of Commons.

Mussolini has learnt the importance of young men. He is boasting that he has promoted men "in their early thirties who are the driving power of the State." But then Italy did not have to bear the brunt of "the war of attrition" on the Western Front.

The average age of Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet was fifty-eight; the average of this Cabinet when it came into office was fifty-seven. There was not a single member of Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet under forty when he went out of office. There are no men in their thirties in the present Cabinet. It was not so before the War. Mr. Churchill was Home Secretary at thirty-four; Sir Austen Chamberlain was Chancellor of the Exchequer when he was barely forty; Sir John Simon was in the Cabinet at thirty-nine.

The Liberal Party perhaps has suffered the most from the casualty lists. Raymond Asquith, W. G. C. Gladstone and Neil Primrose, all men of brilliant promise, went out of politics in 1914, never to return. The whole post-war history of the Liberal Party might have been changed if only they had lived. The average age of the Liberal Shadow Cabinet is now sixty-five. And in that one fact lies alike explanation and evidence of the Party's decline.

In business it is the same. The Press is continually elevating into a stunt the sights of prominent business men that there are no men to occupy the £10,000 a year jobs. That is a spectacular and exaggerated way of putting it, but the fact remains that, broadly speaking, the directors' rooms are occupied by old men. There is not a single railway company where the average age of the directors is not well over sixty. On the Southern Railway it is nearly seventy. It is the same with other great directorates. Mr. Gordon Selfridge was in his forties when he built up his mighty business twenty years ago. Our industries are stagnant not a little because they lack the lubrication of youth. The country is suffering from Methuselahs in business.

Every profession tells the same tale. In literature our prophets are the same as in Edwardian days. There are no rivals to Shaw, Galsworthy, Wells, and Bennett. That splendid generation that would have succeeded them was blotted out as if it had never been. Rupert Brooke died at Skyros, all the capacity and promise of "Saki" was snuffed out on the Ancre; Donald Hankey became just a name in the lengthening casualty lists, and a score more whose names might have been on all men's lips to-day died unknown deaths, their ideas strangled before they had even found expression.

As Cassius said of Rome—"We have lost the breed of noble men." It is discernible even at the Bar. Twenty years ago the Law Courts echoed with great voices. Rufus Isaacs was in his prime; F. E. Smith was at the zenith of his incomparable career; Sir Edward Carson was supreme in merciless cross-examination. There were a dozen men whose powers and style of advocacy were as familiar at least as the names of Test Match cricketers. They were beacon lights. Now the profession is lit with a few glimmering lanterns which shine out only because of the prevailing darkness. The only figure comparable with them to-day is Sir John Simon, and he was Solicitor-General as far back as 1910.

No great new figures have emerged out of journalism. The few men who do count are all like Mr. Garvin and Mr. A. G. Gardiner, happy survivals from a generation that travelled in "growlers" and complained of a Budget of two hundred millions.

Everywhere post-war problems are being grappled with by men with the pre-war mentality. It is not surprising that we are making so little progress to their solution.

Are we really grappling with our problems? We are too much a nation of tired minds. Are we doing sufficient to reinforce them with fresh ones? It is true that the immediate post-war generation is too young for responsible office. Those who were at school during the War are still only in their late twenties. But what of those now in their early forties who survived the carnage? Are they being used to their full capacity? Mr. Baldwin stated not long ago that much as he would like to return to his pigs, he and his friends must remain in the dust of the conflict, for the generation that should be taking their place had practically ceased to exist. Is not this an overstatement of the case? There have, after all, been survivors of the generation that passed through the fire. In dwelling on the tragedy of the dead, there is a danger, by neglect of the capacity of the survivors, of creating also a tragedy of the living. I do not accuse the elder Statesmen of consciously clinging to office and authority. Doubtless Mr. Baldwin is quite sincere in his sighs for his library and the Farmers' ordinary; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is never tired of confessing how weighed down he is by the cares of office, and even Mr. Lloyd George, who is younger in spirit than the most irrepressible Tory back-bencher, has given indications more than once that he is tempted to slip away to his farm and his memoirs. They profess that they cannot hear "the feet of the young men." They are at the door all the same.

It is absurd to contend that Parliament only consists of old men and babes. There are in every party at least half a dozen men who ought to be contributing their ideas from the front benches and in the innermost Councils of their Party. They are shut out by men who have long since had no ideas to contribute. There they sit patiently behind their leaders, zealous in attendance, resourceful in debate, and, above all, equipped with a realist outlook. Yet any man who was an obscure Under-Secretary in 1910 and never went out of London in the War can take precedence over them.

It is the same in every profession and business. Men who ought to be directors of companies are still virtually licking stamps and running errands. That is one of the chief reasons why we are industrially stagnant. The men who learnt their business when England's problem was one of manufacture are still in control when it is the far more baffling one of marketing. Men who ought to be reorganizing our industries and pushing our sales, are still in the undistinguished positions they gratefully accepted in 1919.

Those left of the war generation are not being used. We allowed the old men to subject us to discipline and danger through four years of war. The same old men through ten years of peace have consciously or unconsciously continued to shut us out of power and the opportunities of public usefulness. Continued very much longer, this policy dooms our people to irretrievable economic disaster and to the permanent loss of power and influence in world-affairs.

Upon the survivors of the Lost Generation the burden must inevitably fall of the supremely difficult years ahead: a crucial question therefore at this time is whether or not the Elder Statesmen in politics and in industry will share their wisdom and experience with the new men. And will they?

## SIR ARTHUR SALTER

By VISCOUNT CECIL OF CHELWOOD.

THE activities of the League of Nations may be divided into three main classes. At one end there are the purely social and humanitarian questions, like the fight against opium or the improvement of child welfare. In these matters world peace is only faintly concerned. It may be hoped that nations whose children are reasonably happy and whose population is not addicted to noxious drugs will take a saner and more peaceful view of international controversies. But it is not by such paths that permanent peace will be reached. On the other hand, we cannot rely only on stopping war when it becomes imminent, however perfect may be made the apparatus of arbitration and security. Measures of that kind are in the nature of cure, and to obtain a really stable international system we must aim rather at prevention. It is, therefore, essential that the League's chief effort should be directed towards the removal of those causes and conditions which make for international unrest.

The problem has been attacked by the League from many angles; and nowhere more successfully than in its attempts to get rid of dangerous financial and economic conditions in Europe. The list of these efforts is impressive. Take first the rescue of Austria after she had been practically abandoned by the so-called Supreme Council. Very few people at the time thought it possible for the League to succeed; for the political as well as the economic difficulties were enormous. I remember meeting a very well-known financial authority in the House of Commons, some months after the League scheme had been promulgated, who assured me that it was bound to fail. And when I quoted the names of the Financial Committee of the League he treated them as mere amateurs! One name I did not quote, and that was the name of Sir Arthur Salter, for at that time his reputation had not been established. Yet it was his brain that conceived the Austrian scheme, his energy and persuasiveness that rallied to its support first the Treasury authorities and then those of the City of London. It was the same thing with Hungary. The problem there was not so complex financially, partly because there was the Austrian precedent of success, and partly because the Hungarian financial position was less desperate. But there were political difficulties connected with Reparations, of a very extreme kind, which were overcome by the same tact and patience that had been triumphant in the Austrian case. Then came the Greek refugees—a terrible episode of modern warfare—the forcible influx into a comparatively poor country of a mass of destitute Greeks equal to about one quarter of the normal population. By that time the economic prestige of the League had become so high that the world money-market was ready to advance the necessary funds on the assurance that the League would supervise their administration. In these three cases success has been complete. Austria and Hungary have been drawn from the financial morass into which they were sinking, and incidentally Europe has been saved from the political and military perils which must have accompanied the ruin of those two countries. In Greece the refugees have been settled on the land or otherwise provided for, and a task which seemed almost beyond human powers has been accomplished. Equal success has attended a very similar operation carried out in Bulgaria, and other assistance of a less complicated character has been given in Estonia. These are the direct results of League action, inspired mainly by the same brain. The indirect results have been at least as important. Even the Dawes plan—the first hopeful effort towards clearing up the financial

*impasse* brought about by the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles—was largely inspired by League precedents. Indeed, it is an open secret that the same man who was chiefly instrumental in the financial salvation of Austria began the solution of the German problem.

One of the most interesting features of these arrangements for financial salvage is that they were not hasty improvisations to meet a sudden crisis, but the application of principles carefully elaborated beforehand. The Austrian case, for instance, could scarcely have been dealt with but for work done at the Brussels Financial Conference some months earlier. The basic problem was the restoration of financial stability, and the remedies applied were those foreseen at Brussels to meet the difficulties of Austria itself and other countries; and these remedies have since been applied not only in the countries mentioned, but in others which have not sought the direct assistance of the League. So that it may fairly be said that at the Brussels Conference, organized by Sir Arthur Salter and his associates, was laid the foundation on which were constructed most of the subsequent measures for the liquidation of the post-war monetary difficulties in Europe. This fact might give pause to those who talk so glibly of the failure of the Economic Conference at Geneva in 1927. It is, no doubt, true that the immediate consequences have been of a negative character. Tariffs have been raised rather than lowered. But even so there is reason to believe that but for the Conference the rise would have been sharper and more general. Apart from this much has been accomplished. The twin questions of Tariffs and Cartels have been definitely placed on the International Map. Not so long ago it was generally held that Tariffs were an exclusively national concern. Any suggestion that they should be treated by an international authority was indignantly scouted. Now it is admitted that import duties may affect not only the country that imposes them, but all others who trade with it, and, indeed, the whole body of world trade. That is a first step towards a saner view of such matters, and constitutes a result of enormous value, whatever else may have been the outcome of the Economic Conference. Here, too, very much is owing to the careful preparation for the Conference and the admirable documentation which was brought together by Sir Arthur Salter and his group of singularly able colleagues in the Secretariat.

No work for the pacification of Europe and of the world which has been done since the war—not the treaties of Washington and Locarno, the agreements of London and The Hague, or even the Kellogg Pact itself—has been so important or so successful as this group of financial and economic arrangements. Well may the writer of the Midland Bank Review for May, 1928, say:—

"The services of the League from this point of view are inestimable. The comparative prosperity of Europe to-day is due in large part to the League's work of reconstruction. . . . It has proved itself the finest investment in general economic welfare that international action has hitherto brought forth."

I venture to recall these facts now because it is announced that Sir Arthur Salter is retiring from Geneva. It is understood that this is due to no kind of friction between him and the authorities of the League. On the contrary, he enjoys and deserves the complete confidence of the Assembly, the Council, and his colleagues in the Secretariat. Still less is it due to any slackening of his interest in the League's work. He remains a convinced believer in and supporter of all that has been and is being so well done for world peace at Geneva. But he feels that the particular chapter on which he has been engaged is finished. There is no doubt much more to be done of the same kind in other parts of the world, and there are many

other problems of an economic if not of a financial character to be dealt with in Europe. It will be for the brilliant officials of the Financial Section, which Sir Arthur may be said to have created, to cope with these, while Sir Arthur himself is seeking other, and it may be wider, opportunities to serve the cause of International Peace.

We may admit the force of these reasons for his resignation, and even in a sense agree with them, but nevertheless regret very deeply the conclusion of his direct association with the League. He is one, and not the least distinguished, of that very remarkable band of men and women who in these early years of this great experiment have done so very much to promote its success. Foolish or ignorant critics occasionally gird at the salaries paid to the chief officials of the Secretariat. The answer is that a man should have the salary that he is worth. If the worth of these officials is to be judged by the market value of their services, it is sufficient to say that almost every one of them has received offers of appointments pecuniarily more valuable than those which they at present hold. If the sounder measure of value is to be applied, namely, the value of their work to humanity, then their services can only be described as incredibly cheap. To have built up to its present height a novel world organization whose successes have been so remarkable in the political, social, and economic spheres, is an achievement for which no reward would have been too great. In this Sir Arthur has throughout borne a leading part, not only in the financial transactions which we have been considering, but in the still more essential business of creating an atmosphere of international confidence without which none of the work could have been carried out. Everyone who has gone to Geneva on international business has felt that the Secretariat in general, and such men as Sir Eric Drummond and Sir Arthur Salter in particular, can be absolutely trusted to place their whole abilities and experience at his disposal. It matters nothing to these truly internationally minded officials whether the question is one in which this country or that is specially interested. Their duty is to help towards any solution which is consistent with justice, and which will secure international peace and goodwill, and they have splendidly discharged this duty. That is their reputation at Geneva, and Sir Arthur Salter will carry with him in his new activities, whatever they may be, the admiration of all peace-lovers throughout the world, and their warmest wishes for his future happiness and success.

## PARLIAMENTARY NOTES

THE temper of the House is an incalculable thing. One day it meets in an atmosphere of placid somnolence; the next, without apparent reason, its mood has changed to that of a meeting of shareholders who have missed their dividend. Tuesday of last week was one of the soothing occasions. The Report stage of the Finance Bill was completed with a mere perfunctory repetition of stale Committee arguments, and then the Road Traffic Bill obtained its Third Reading amid purrs of approval from all sides. It is to be hoped that the public will find the results of this measure as beneficial as its final passage was calm, and that pedestrians, as every day and in every way they learn to skip faster and faster, will call blessings on the name of Herbert Morrison, the Minister to all their Transports—the Man who Stepped on the Gas.

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Wednesday, on the contrary, was emphatically a Dies Irae. The Unemployment Insurance Bill was an unpromising subject to begin with, but angry passions were

kept fairly well in check as long as that discussion lasted. Miss Bondfield does a great deal to disarm opposition by her resolute avoidance of any kind of flourish or pretence in the exercise of her unpopular office. When she has an ugly goose to present to the House at least she makes no attempt to represent it as a swan. Major Elliot opened the official attack in a manner that was fair as well as forcible, and Mr. Graham White and Mr. Owen in their different styles made admirable speeches from the Liberal benches. But we had a foretaste of storms to come when Mr. Boothby described the Front Bench opposite as "a stagnant and impotent heap of humanity," and when Mr. McGovern indulged in a furious denunciation of the Government which he was so recently elected to support. He actually declared that the letter of recommendation given him by the Prime Minister was "imposed upon him," though, as Walter Elliot reminded him, he knew the address and could have sent it back.

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But it was the continued presence of Lord Hunsdon's name in the list of Public Loans Commissioners that put the fat in the fire, and gave the House the thrilling experience of watching a Public Performance (for one night only—with all-star cast) of a Socialist Party Meeting. And if this was a typical specimen the procedure is evidently as follows: First Mr. Snowden adopts a policy. Then speaker after speaker rises to denounce it and him. If anyone (Mr. Montague, for instance) attempts a word on the Chancellor's behalf he is howled down with contumely. At the end of the speaking the voices appear to be:—

For the Ayes.—Mr. P. Snowden.  
For the Noes.—Everyone else.

And the Ayes have it—have it every time!

\* \* \*

To an outsider it is all rather mysterious. Mr. Lloyd George often defers to the predominant feeling of his party, and Mr. Baldwin, of course, will yield to a minority if it is sufficiently vocal. But Philip goes his own way without hesitation and without diplomacy. To quote Winston, "Even those who do not like the Right Hon. Gentleman very much would be bound to admit that he has been just as rude to his supporters as to his opponents." Yet the vote in his favour included a majority of his own party without counting any of the "herd of guinea pigs" to which Mr. Seymour Cocks so contemptuously referred.

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That vote should have been the end of the trouble. But the ingenious Crookshank had discovered alleged blemishes in one of the Labour names suggested for addition to the list. Whereupon the teams changed round and played from opposite ends, with ever-increasing appeals to the Referee. Commander Kenworthy, Mr. Owen, and Mr. Bromley all in turn became involved in points of order, protest, or personal explanation, and the Chairman had a very hard task.

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But when the House is in a certain mood even the most adroit and tactful of Chairmen can do no more than steer head on to the waves and pray fervently for Those at Sea. In that mood anything will provoke a row. Perhaps Colonel Watts-Morgan whispers to his neighbour (his whisper is like the throbbing of war-drums in an African forest). Then Dixey of Penrith says, "Shut up, Bonzo"; Jack Jones replies, "Shut up yourself"; David Kirkwood reminds all non-Caledonians that they were among the also rans at Bannockburn—and finally the stage is reached when Lord Winterton says, "Order, order," and there-

after all order becomes impossible. For there is such a strident antagonism about those words as uttered by the Noble Lord that if he spoke them in the Congregation of the Saints (as he doubtless would) there would be haloes on the green.

\* \* \*

Calm was restored next day under the combined influence of the Royal Garden Party and the Board of Trade Vote. The debate was admirably opened by Mr. Milner Gray, and Sir Herbert Samuel, in his powerful supporting speech, was able to congratulate Mr. Graham on his personal achievement in steering the Coal Bill at last into harbour. The President's reply for his Department was a very notable performance, and, controversial as are the matters upon which he has been engaged, it remains true that his reputation, and perhaps his alone out of the whole Cabinet, stands definitely higher to-day than when he assumed office.

\* \* \*

It was a very weary Chancellor that faced the House upon the Third Reading of the Finance Bill, but he had no reason to be dissatisfied with the course of the debate. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans and Sir Hilton Young, two of his acutest critics, did him surprisingly little harm. Mr. Leif Jones was almost fulsome in his support, and Mrs. Hamilton would not place him even a little lower than the angels. "If we are going to rely upon Heaven to prevent the lowering of the standard of life of our people we should be in a poor way. We prefer to rely on the Chancellor of the Exchequer." I think it would have been more decent to make Philip the second string. There would have been classical precedent for that—

"Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo."

\* \* \*

Winston's final speech for the Opposition was probably the most sparkling performance that this Parliament has heard. Every point, either personal or political, which he has made in the long course of the Committee and Report stages, where he has sustained the whole burden of an opposition that would have been lifeless without him, was summed up and forced home in one concentrated effort. But of all this brilliance, how much will penetrate to our masters in the constituencies? One thing and one only, in all probability; the deadly admission that the Conservative Party has deliberately obstructed the Budget in order to prevent other measures, such as the Consumers' Council and Education Bills, from reaching the Statute Book. And whenever the Labour Party are challenged (by Liberal opponents who alone have the right to do so) upon the paucity of their performance, this Conservative confession will be produced for the defence.

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In reply, Philip Snowden made the Supreme Gesture of Contempt. He sat still and put up Pethick Lawrence. Even so might Sir John Chandos or Sir Walter Manny have met the challenge of some raw aspirant to knightly fame. "Prove first thy manhood upon the body of this my trusty squire, and if thou canst get away with it, then peradventure I may honour thee with a prod in the gizzard from mine own lance." As a matter of fact, the Gesture of Contempt and/or Trusty Squire was in fine fighting form. But he got rather tied up in a metaphor in which Philip was portrayed as plastering the Wood of Tax-Evasion with notices such as "Trespassers will be Prosecuted" and "Beware of the Dog." There will probably be another notice before long which will read "Thoroughfare for Coach-and-Four."

ERIMUS.

## THE LOYALIST

"I stand as a loyal representative of my party, and I serve whatever that party decides as its programme." —Lt.-Col. Fremantle, M.P., in reply to Lord Beaverbrook's query as to his attitude to Empire Free Trade.

LET prigs, puffed up with intellectual pride,  
Between the parties by their creeds decide;  
Subject each programme to the searching test  
Of what, in fact, will serve the country best;  
And give, at length, allegiance to the host  
Which fights for those ideals they value most.  
A modest mind, with simpler wisdom fraught,  
Will save itself this surplusage of thought;  
Select a party first, and then proceed  
With open mouth to swallow down its creed;  
Nor seek with too meticulous a care  
Those principles of statecraft to declare,  
Since what the party's need dictates to-day  
To-morrow's tactics well may sweep away.  
Why do you ask me if I stand arrayed  
Beneath the banner of Imperial trade?  
'Tis not for me to say—enough for me  
That with my party's programme I agree,  
Whatever that, by chance, may next turn out to be.

MACFLECKNOE.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### MR. BALDWIN AND UNEMPLOYMENT

SIR.—Speaking last Saturday at a political meeting, Mr. Baldwin, discussing the Unemployment problem and the increase of unemployment during the past year, stated that: "World causes will probably be heard of at the Election, but I think the country will know pretty well what answer to give to that. There are no more world causes to-day than there were when we were in office."

Does Mr. Baldwin really believe this statement? If so, it would seem to indicate that he is paying so little attention to the economic events which are going on in the world as to disqualify him from expressing an opinion on economic matters. For in the last year there has developed one of the greatest international slumps in prices, trade, and employment which has ever occurred in modern economic history.

Is there not some minimum standard of accuracy and sound information about economic affairs which we are entitled to expect from our leading statesmen? Mr. Baldwin is apt to give himself the airs of being particularly scrupulous. But the above quotation shows that he is as capable as anyone else of darkening counsel by a reckless and ignorant statement.—Yours, &c.,

J. M. KEYNES.

### AN IMPORT BOARD AND WHEAT PRICES

SIR.—In his comments on the recent Vote of Censure debate, Sir Herbert Samuel says—and I agree with him—that the Import Board proposals require further consideration. Meanwhile, in order to clarify the issues, two or three points which he raises obviously require a reply.

He asks, first, at what level will prices for the British farmer be stabilized, if not at current world prices? The Labour Party policy has always been that the home farmer should be guaranteed a price, not varying from season to season and month to month, but fixed at the expected average over a period of three to five years. An Import Board appointed to-day and guided by this criterion would necessarily fix its buying price for British wheat substantially above present prices, which Sir Herbert will surely admit are abnormally low. But in present economic circumstances there is also a strong case, in view of the key position of wheat among agricultural products and its present low price relative to other commodities, and of the present crisis both in agriculture and industry, for guaranteeing the price of British wheat at a level expected to check the rapid drop in arable acreage and the drift of farm

workers to swell the ranks of unemployed in the towns. Any decision on these lines must clearly be taken directly by Parliament and not left to the Board itself. Moreover, in any case the Board would take several months to get to work, and for smoothness of operation both from the point of view of the Board and of the farmer, Parliament would have to take an initial decision as to the price to be paid for home wheat. I would suggest it should be thus fixed for two or at most three years, during which the present industrial crisis would pass and the Board would accumulate experience as to the course of world prices; and at the end of the period the Board would make a recommendation as to future prices for British wheat which Parliament would be asked to approve or disapprove.

I see no reason at all to expect any real conflict between consumers' and producers' interests in fixing the price of wheat to the home farmer. As I have shown in detail in the June *NINETEENTH CENTURY*, the stabilization of wheat prices will make it possible to secure reductions in handling, distribution, milling, and baking charges, with which any attempt to deal while wheat prices are wildly fluctuating is bound to be ineffective. Such gains can properly be divided between the home producer and the home consumer. As I have tried to show, under the Import Board scheme it would be possible now to give the home farmer 50s. a quarter for his wheat without any increase, and in fact with some reduction in bread prices to the consumer, who would therefore gain by the adoption of the policy.

Sir Herbert next asks, will the Board pay more for Canadian wheat than for similar wheat from outside the Empire? The answer is, No. In their purchases from abroad, the Import Board will make as good a bargain as they reasonably can for Great Britain as a whole. I see no reason why the Board should offer or Canada should or would be likely to demand a price which deliberately exceeds expected average world prices. What the Board can give to overseas farmers is a steady market at prices which would avoid speculative risks. In making arrangements for bulk purchase over a period of years the Board would also take into account the possibility of developing a reciprocal trade for British exports. Obviously in general it would be much easier to come to terms with the Dominions on lines which were mutually profitable in this way, and it would be to them that the Board would make its first offers. But in the last resort the Board would not be debarred from buying elsewhere nor the Dominions from selling where they pleased.—Yours, &c.,

E. F. WISE.

Hazlitt House, Southampton Buildings, W.C.2.

### IS THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM INSOLUBLE?

SIR.—In reply to Dr. Dunlop, my point is that to place birth control in the forefront of a political programme, as a remedy for economic ills at a time when prices of primary products are lower in terms of wages than ever before and are still falling, would be a confession of bankruptcy of ideas such as no political party can afford to make. Again, "the abolition of labour restrictions and unemployment relief" would be reactionary, and talk of free competition and hard work is mere mockery so long as our monetary and fiscal systems continue to give prizes only, and in increasing measure, to those who finance our ever-growing burden of debt, at the expense of those who take part or risks, as organizers or workers, in industries by which under a more enlightened system debts might be paid off.

The time for sermons has passed. The occasion requires of the Liberal Party a working programme. Whatever the differences of opinion in the country, surely there is sufficient agreement among Liberal economists to enable them to elaborate a programme for the mobilization of industry by means of, and with the object of, the liquidation of debts, at home and abroad.

Such a programme could be placed before the electorate as an alternative to "safeguarding" and the continued subservience of Treasury policy to the more short-sighted of banking interests, whose ideas of sound business emerge

in the inflation of successive disastrous waves of "credit"—within whatever limits of safety to the banks themselves.—Yours, &c.,

A. C. DOBBS.

Ashurst, Killiney, Co. Dublin.  
July 28th, 1930.

### THE FIGHT FOR FREE TRADE

SIR,—I am one of those grateful for your leading article on Mr. Baldwin's theory of an "ultimate ideal" in Empire Free Trade, which, like you, I believe to be "profoundly fallacious."

Let us (as you say) "by all means endeavour to promote closer and more active trade relations between the parts of the British Commonwealth, but let the measures we adopt be of a positive character, not such as will restrict trade in other directions." If we can lift the Free Trade issue on to this plane we shall arouse the moral sense of people and not only their fears as to the price of food. And we may win once more, but only, as Sir Herbert Samuel says, "if an effort is made by Free Traders now not less energetic than was made by Free Traders thirty years ago."

Who will make the effort, and when will it begin? Happily, Sir Herbert Samuel leaves us in no doubt as to his constant contribution.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. RAFFETY.

Harefield, near Uxbridge.  
July 29th, 1930.

### THE DOCTRINE OF HELL

SIR,—My friend Mr. Gaselee's letter touches my conscience; for I think I remember having once used the very phrase "a commonplace of mediæval theology" which he blames in your reviewer, and which, on calm consideration, I should henceforth avoid as liable to give an exaggerated impression, for if we understand "commonplace" as "universally admitted," this was not so, although I think it was far more universal than Mr. Gaselee implies.

Peter Lombard's "Sentences," which soon supplanted the Bible itself as a text-book in the theological schools, claims for this doctrine the general consent of the Fathers: "as the Saints hand down to us, . . . after the Judgment the Good shall see the Wicked, but not conversely" ("Sent.", lib. iv., dist. 50). He quotes St. Gregory the Great who asserts this most emphatically. The same opinion is enunciated, more or less definitely, in their commentaries on the "Sentences," by St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventura, Richard of Middleton (the Master of Duns Scotus), Nicholas de Lyra, St. Antonino of Florence, and (with extreme emphasis) St. Bernardino of Siena. Two great schoolmen, Alexander of Hales and Albertus Magnus, did, indeed, shirk the question as much as they could; Tartareetus, in about 1509, glides over it also. But none that I have yet met goes so far as to contradict what Peter Lombard speaks of as the tradition of the Saints—not even Duns Scotus, whom Mr. Gaselee now quotes. For his extract is incomplete; it makes no allowance for the scholastic method of stating *first* the conclusion which the writer's mature judgment is *least* inclined to support. It ends, "On the other side, we have St. Gregory in his Dialogue, and Peter Lombard in the text [upon which I am commenting]." Duns then goes on to explain that in essentials he agrees with the Master (Peter Lombard). The Blessed do see the pains of the Damned, though not by physical sight (which, as he has explained, the optical conditions render impossible), yet "in the word, i.e., in the Divine essence" (to quote the brief summary of his official commentator). That is, they are as clearly aware of these torments as if they saw them with their bodily eyes; and they rejoice in those torments, not absolutely, but relatively, "by reason of the justice of the Supreme Judge." Duns, therefore, falls in with Peter Lombard and the "tradition of the Saints," though far less emphatically than the three canonized schoolmen, Aquinas, Bonaventura, and Bernardino. I have given long quotations in a book published ten days ago ("Romanism and Truth," Chapter IV. and Appendix V.). Since the Aquinas passage led to heated discussion in the DAILY TELEGRAPH last year,

I published his words and St. Bonaventura's in full, in a leaflet which is still at the service of any reader who sends me a stamped and addressed envelope.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. COULTON.

St. John's College, Cambridge.  
July 26th, 1930.

SIR,—The imaginary dialogue, from "The Magic Flute," between the creature and the Creator concerning the truth of revealed religion, quoted in your last issue, is as improbable as so irreverent a proceeding is likely to be. It might be enough to say that it makes our Lord neither logical nor grammatical.

In that ambitious effort of fancy our Lord is feigned as resigning the seat of Judgment and remitting all punishment; thus abrogating His dominion over the world which He has made. The dialogue further determines that to "forgive your enemies" is true gospel, but "coming on clouds to judge the world" is false. The latter is nearly as scriptural as the former, no matter how much less acceptable to the world at large it may be. Then again, the answer, "Both—here," to the question, "Is there heaven or hell?" is quite an inadequate presentation of emancipated Christian thought on the subject. No Modernist has ever asserted that heaven and hell were "here"—whatever that means. What he has said is that these are probably states of the human heart, and that, on that assumption, it follows that Man is haunted by his own moral atmosphere whithersoever he is borne in God's universe, as with the traveller on a lonely road in the poem—who "fears to turn his head."

It is strange that those who are anxious to run away from the consequences of their misdeeds do not perceive the invirility of their attitude. A very different conscience seems to have been that of the old Catholic monks who did voluntary penance by means of flagellation and austerities. The great sin of the evangelical creed against one's sense of right is not in the establishment of Punishment, but in offering a cowardly means of escaping it by means of substitution. To bring the last dogma into relief, humanity is grotesquely represented as embracing a traditional conspiracy of rebellion against Divine law. Only last Sunday a distinguished evangelical preacher depicted with great eloquence what he conceived to be the amazing magnanimity of God in refraining from consigning His creatures to eternal doom! It is this conception of both God and Man against which Modernists protest as being both erroneous and injurious to the propagation of the Faith.

In the same fictitious interview the Founder of the Faith is represented as declaring that none of the Churches is His. One cannot imagine the Christ of the Gospels, with His untiring readiness to acknowledge good wherever He saw it, disowning the Churches in this unqualified manner. The incident described by St. Mark (x., 21) which concludes with the touching words "and Jesus looking upon him loved him" forbids any such inference. Is it to be supposed that He who is not a hard task-master with the World is likely to be so with the Church?

I gather that your correspondent "C. W." considers that the dialogue from "The Magic Flute" elicits the whole secret of true religion. But I am afraid that not a few ostensibly Modernist manifestos are badly in need of a censorship. It is not, for instance, the supreme objective of the religious life to "forgive one's enemies"; though it is an essential ethic of it. The presence of sentiments like this is one of many indications that in its eagerness to provide an alternative to Dogma, the critical party is apt to fall into that very moralism the weakness of which it so readily detects when it is utilized by the other side as a fulcrum to evangelical teaching. Morality only becomes part of Religion when it is pursued at the instance of the religious imperative. It appears to be no less hard a matter to think dispassionately upon religious subjects than it is to do so upon any other: we are so apt to persuade ourselves we are convinced of those propositions which we have a keen interest in believing.—Yours, &c.,

LINDSAY S. GARRETT.

17, Wakefield Street, Regent Square, W.C.

## THE DOCTRINE OF HELL

SIR.—C. W., in his very interesting letter, expresses the opinion that, if one reads the New Testament in the right spirit, the liberal theologians whom I quoted in my recent article may not be very far wrong. That, no doubt, is so. Liberal theologians are never far wrong; but sometimes when I read them—as in this recent book on the meaning of Hell—I am reminded of a story which I heard many years ago of a conversation between Jowett, the old Master of Balliol, and Turgenev, the Russian novelist. Jowett, who—as we all know now, but as Turgenev did not know then—was one of the recognized leaders of the "Broad Church" school, asked his guest what he thought of Tolstoi's Christianity; and Turgenev, who was proud of his knowledge of colloquial English replied: "Tolstoi's Christianity, sir? It is a difficulty to say. It is wishy-washy; it is namby-pamby; it is what you in England call Broad Church."

So if I were asked what was the view held by the Dean of St. Paul's on the Doctrine of Hell, I should reply, after reading his article three times over, "It is a difficulty to say." On page 6 he comes to the conclusion that the blasphemy of regarding God the Father as an implacable and ferocious torturer seems almost incredible and must remain a heavy reproach against European Christianity. But two pages later he is quoting von Hügel to the effect that man's life here below is a choice between immense alternatives. It is hardly too much for the Dean (page 8) to say that "Heaven and Hell stand and fall together"; and on page 10 he writes that when we have taught ourselves to think of Heaven theocentrically . . . we shall feel how impossible it is to believe in Heaven without also believing in its terrible opposite. "And this Hell," he continues, "where God is not and the Devil is, is not at all like the Modernist purgatory, where one trains for the next examination—a place with a fine tropical climate, really bracing to the constitution."

Not such is the hell of the Dean's imagination. God is merciful, no doubt, and loves His children; but we must not, he says (page 12) banish fear from religion, and we dare not forget those words of Christ Himself, "Fear not them that kill the body. . . . But fear Him who after He hath killed hath power to cast into Hell. Yea, I say unto you, fear Him." So at the end of the argument we get back to a hell that is not so very different from the everlasting fire of the Gospels and the Athanasian Creed: a state of death eternal and terrible, into which, as the result of the life we lead here, we may at last be plunged.

Is that the view which C. W. would have us accept as "not far wrong"; or does he prefer the opinion formulated by another liberal theologian, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, who says, on page 86, that "Hell, the opposite of Heaven . . . is nothing more or less than a complete or eternal state of self-absorption"? But if so, we are inclined to ask, why call it Hell? Is not so liberal a use of language rather misleading?

To me it seems simpler to apply the word Hell to that Christian doctrine, which first appears in the Gospel of St. Matthew and is formulated in the Athanasian Creed, which has been held by Catholic theologians throughout Christendom, and by Protestants so far apart as Luther and Wesley, Arnold and Pusey—the doctrine that a considerable part of mankind are condemned to suffer for all eternity a punishment of inconceivable severity for their sinfulness and want of faith. It would not, I think, be difficult to show that the existence of that doctrine, which Dr. Dearmer has rightly described as "wicked, shocking, and monstrous," has been the cause of a great harm both to Christianity and civilization. But liberal theologians do not always condemn it as explicitly as I could wish.—Yours, &c.,

ONE OF THE UNORTHODOX.

## THE DANGERS OF SCHOOL CLINICS

SIR.—That excellent results have been obtained in some directions by the medical supervision of school children cannot be doubted, but there is at least one sentence in Dr. Augusta Bonnard's enthusiastic article which strongly suggests that there may be another side to the picture. *One-ninth* of all the children examined, we are told, require

"removal of tonsils and adenoids." A mere matter of official routine.

Yet there are medical men, fully qualified and with records of long and competent service, who contend that at least 90 per cent. of these fashionable tonsil and adenoid operations, so painful and terrifying to nervous children, are quite unnecessary, since they claim to treat the trouble successfully without operation.

One of these, Colonel Kynaston, read a paper to this effect before a medical congress some years ago. His reward was to be shouted down, and his paper expunged from the record of the proceedings. He has tried in vain to get his methods examined and tested. His attempt to question the supremacy of the knife has been treated as mere treason.

Under these circumstances can the layman feel assured that our children are getting the best and most considerate treatment under this bureaucratic system of healing? Is it not time that a lay committee investigated both schools of practice from the point of view which alone seriously concerns us—that of actual results?—Yours, &c.,

OSWALD EARP.

24, The Chase, S.W.4.  
July 22nd, 1930.

## THE NATIONAL TRUST: ITS FUNDS AND ORGANIZATION

SIR.—In his letter of the 19th inst., Mr. Hamer shows that the number of Local Committees of the Trust, in which subscribers have no representation, is not so large as was suggested; but he agrees that some exist.

Whether there be few or many does not affect the point of my letter, viz., that an Organization which admits the existence of any, requires radical reform; and never so urgently as now, when the Trust is growing in importance.

Mr. Hamer's statement that the "Trust is always willing to consider suggestions" is welcome, but it is not confirmed by our recent experience.

In April last, suggestions were sent by several subscribers on a vital matter. It was urged that with the quotation from the 1907 Act, on the flyleaf of the Annual Report setting forth the aims of the Trust, there should be associated a clear declaration of its actual policy, of which many donors and subscribers are unaware. No reply to, or acknowledgement of, this suggestion has been received.—Yours, &c.,

MARK WILKS, Hon. Secretary  
Headley Rural Preservation Society.

## FOR PEACE IN INDIA

SIR.—We feel that the situation with regard to India calls for the most earnest consideration by all those who are concerned for a peaceful solution of the present difficulties. We look with profound dismay to the possibility that, should the forthcoming Round-Table Conference fail to propound a Constitution which will command the support of the best elements of Indian nationalism, we may be involved in measures which will mean the cessation of peaceful government. Neither Britain nor India has anything to gain from the use of force, and no effort should be spared to secure a basis of agreement along peaceful lines.

We call special attention to the statement issued by the Indian party leaders in the Legislature at Simla immediately after the Viceroy's speech of July 9th. After urging Indian participation in the Round-Table Conference and the duty of all parties to create an atmosphere of peace and concord, the statement goes on:—

"A policy of strong measures and repression on the one hand and the pursuit of direct action and open infringements of the law on the other, can only serve to increase the tension which is already so acute. Neither policy will be an end in itself, and they can only be regarded as a manifestation of strength which may well be directed towards creative and nation-building efforts."

The statement then makes a simultaneous appeal to the Government to repeal emergency measures and offer an amnesty, and to the Congress leaders to terminate the programme of civil disobedience.

We believe this statement reveals a disposition to welcome conciliatory advances from this side and would, therefore, urge the Government:—

1. To emphasize that the representatives of both countries shall meet at the Round-Table Conference on a basis of equality and with a view to arriving at proposals for the attainment of Dominion status, subject only to transitional safeguards.

2. To spare no effort to secure the attendance and co-operation of Indian leaders, both men and women, and with this end in view, to grant an amnesty to all political prisoners not guilty of violence.

Finally, we would plead for a greater interest among our own countrymen in the problem which is facing India and the British Empire. A fuller understanding by the people themselves of the strength of that national consciousness which has emerged in India is urgently desirable if we are to reach a solution approved by and honourable to all.—Yours, &c.,

ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR.

ALICE ACLAND.

ANNA BARLOW.

MAURICE BROWNE.

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON, M.P.

KATE D. COURTYNE.

F. LEWIS DONALDSON.

ROBERT F. HORTON.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

L. P. JACKS.

HEWLETT JOHNSON.

July 28th, 1930.

J. M. KENWORTHY, M.P.

HAROLD J. MORLAND.

MARY MURRAY.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

F. W. NORWOOD.

MARIAN PARMOOR.

ALEXANDRINA PECKOVER.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

FRANCES STEWART.

BEN TURNER.

CECIL H. WILSON, M.P.

### SEX EQUALITY

SIR,—We desire to protest against certain utterances of Mr. Athelstan Riley made at the Church Assembly on June 20th.

According to the Press reports Mr. Riley, in moving a resolution asking the Archbishops and Bishops of England "to consider in all its bearings the present situation with regard to divorce," made the following statements, among others:—

"... in 1923 when the cry of equality between the sexes was at its height, a short measure was passed putting husband and wife on an equal footing—a cruel and wicked Act.

"We are as God made us. There is and can be no equality in matters of sexual morality between men and women. There is inequality of temptation, in the results of the sin to the individual, in the consequence to the family, and eventually to society at large."

It does not appear from the Press reports that anyone present dissented from these statements. If disagreement were expressed by the Chairman or anyone else present no publicity has been given to that disagreement, and we consider it most deplorable that the ordinary newspaper-reader should get the impression—as he must do from the reports—that the Church Assembly accepts the view that "there is and can be no equality in matters of sexual morality between men and women."

Such views are directly contrary both to the letter and the spirit of Christ's teaching, which emphasizes the unity of the moral law and the equal moral responsibility of men and women in sex matters. Those who accept the double standard of morals are responsible for its inevitable corollary—the social evil of prostitution. The only possible way in which there can be, in practice, a different morality for men and women is by dividing women into two classes: (1) good women who are chaste and faithful, and (2) bad women who presumably are created to meet the necessities of "men as God made them." In short, Mr. Riley's sex-morality rests on prostitution.

We trust that a responsible leader of the English Church will issue a public repudiation of this unchristian and immoral doctrine of the double moral standard. Mr. Riley's views are not important, but it is important that no one should think they represent the views of the Church of England because they have not been contradicted.—Yours, &c.,

W. C. ROBERTS, Chairman.

ALISON NEILANS, Secretary.

The Association for Moral and Social Hygiene,  
Livingstone House, Broadway, S.W.1

### THE NATION & ATHENÆUM

## COUNTRY POEMS

### FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

WHERE Nature greets with warm caress  
Each one who cares to roam  
Far from the world of ugliness  
Man builds about his home;

Where now I hear the birds of Spring,  
The chestnut trees among,  
My melancholy challenging  
With festivals of song;

I'll hold despite the rhyme and roll  
Of all the feathered fair  
That man is still the braver soul  
For singing his despair.

HUW MENAI.

### THE OUTLIER

THIS stag became a legend with our folk.  
Full half a county wide his treading strayed  
To find short harbourage in Twillage Wood  
And the brook running beneath Luke's Coppice shade.

The labourers chanced to spy him here and there;  
One found a thicket pathway he had worn;  
Another watched him drinking; Peter Barnes  
Came on his lair among the half-ripe corn.

And round him arched the rainbow of romance.  
This fabled beast, should our eyes never see  
Threading the quiet glades at owl-wing dusk,  
Asleep at noon beneath our great oak tree?

But to the end he was our unicorn.  
Though squire talked proudly fewmishing and slot,  
Back to his hinds at rutting season raged  
That branching head, subtler than hound or plot.

Still when old Samson seeks to cast the time  
His words are not, "That year the war broke out,"  
But, "When Black Dick were hanged in Bury gaol,  
And the master cunning stag roamed hereabout."

CLAUDE COLLEER ABBOTT.

### THE FOREST AT MIDNIGHT

GONE now is the last light of even,  
And the groups of Queen Anne's Lace quiet  
In the milky open way;  
Starry nebulae are they,  
That glimmer for harmony's sake  
In purple clearings of heaven.  
And cap-à-pie in the wild-rose ride  
Obediently abide  
In suits of steel the pickets of the teazle.

Now is the forest awake that sleeps by day.  
This I know, not by the cry gone-away :  
Blood-cry of vixen or weasel ;  
Not by the snapping of sticks : unaccountable sounds ;  
Not by those fiddles tuning up in the ashen copse ;  
Not by the light-sleeper bird ;  
Nor by sighings heard  
From more darkly entangled grounds.

Not by June holly leaves dropping in sweet degrees  
On damasim darkness largely, like thunder drops,  
So I think in the heat : "It rains," not by these ;  
Not even by murmur of tree-tops  
Rocking the world's cradles up there in the trees.  
Not by this then or that,  
I know the forest aware. Not by reasoning know ;  
But by those eyes unattended the shadows among :  
—Emeralds inwardly lit—of the kitchen eat :  
Gone wild long ago.

DOROTHY WELLESLEY.

## NEIGHBOURS

HOLLYHOCKS and haystacks,  
Let me have both together  
About my garden's edges  
In friendly summer weather—  
Tops of heads by elder hedges,  
Gentle mothers in straw shady hats,  
Daughters frilled and pink in eager chats,  
Nodding, sauntering till the sun must go,  
And dusk has secrets none must ever know,  
And moon and star come out and also fail  
To probe the mystery of their whispered tale.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

## EMILY AND LAMBETH

**E**RE, why can't ladies be clergymen same as what men can?"

We were picking currants in the rectory garden twenty years ago. Emily, of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, put forward the question. She had recently parted with a ha'penny, a close-clutched treasure, the disappearance of which on Sunday morning had led to discussion. "The gentleman what had the little bag . . ." Emily's adenoids made her explanation a trifle hard to follow, but the facts seemed plain. This wouldn't do, we felt. A penny was found, and proffered. Emily's face fell. She paused dismayed. Then my sleeve was plucked, and her husky whisper came again, the n's all d's. "Have I done the wrong thing? Won't they take no ha'pennies?"

What an unusually good clergyman Emily herself would make some day, I thought—if her adenoids could be successfully removed. Complete intellectual sincerity, a capacity for experiencing deep religious emotion, an inquiring mind, personal goodness without a glimmer of self-satisfaction in its make-up, ability to lead—I had seen her marshalling her fellows for a game of hopscotch—a gift for making things and people live in vivid narrative—I had heard her tell the story of the three bears to the gardener's twins—and a readiness to spend, without the quiver of an eye-lid, her treasured mite.

If Emily had been a choir-boy, the curate, I suppose, would have taught her a little Latin, a little exegesis. He would have told the vicar. The vicar would have worried round and raised a grant from somebody. Emily would have got to Warminster or Mirfield. She would probably have gone abroad to tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King.

Emily went into a cardboard-box factory when she left school some years later. She didn't like it much. She got sworn at if she bothered about making the edges join level, because it made her slow. She didn't like leaving the edges all anyhow.

She never tried, of course, to be a clergyman. I doubt whether to Emily it ever occurred that *she* might "have a call." When she put her question—suddenly, hoarsely, amazingly—from beneath the shelter of the blackcurrant bush, twenty years ago, she wasn't thinking of herself. It was "ladies."

And now quite a number of "ladies" have asked the same question, and in asking it have had the support of four bishops, four deans, an archdeacon, eight canons, four doctors of divinity, two principals of clergy-training colleges, a rural dean, and five parochial clergy. They have sent their question to the prelates in conference at Lambeth, and are awaiting a response.

Have they "done the wrong thing" in approaching the bishops? Will they be snubbed and told severely: "The Church accepts no 'priestesses.' We can consider only male candidates." That, and no more?

It is improbable that any of the women who believe themselves called of God to the ministry will be bidden to test their vocation, as they would if they were men. It is improbable, but it is not impossible. Short of such a response, what can the bishops do? Make answer that the question is "unthinkable"? In view of the seriousness of the memorandum and the weight of the signatories' names that is unlikely. But to give a convincing "because" in making a negative answer to the memorandum's question—which is merely Emily's question in a more elaborate form—will not be very easy.

The numbers of ordination candidates of late years have been low. There is a widespread need of assistant clergy. Presumably if seventeen men—with academic qualifications and experience on a level with those of the seventeen women of the memorandum were to approach the bishops with a request to have their vocation tested they would be welcomed very warmly. This is, I believe, a way of stating facts which the advocates of women's ordination sometimes shrink from. They are afraid that it may be interpreted as a plea that the Church should take second best since she cannot get best: should put up with ha'pennies because she cannot get pennies. No such implication, however, need be inferred. The point is, rather, that if more than half the population be cut off automatically from the possibility of ordination the total number of ordinands available must be smaller than it would otherwise be, for admittedly there are women who would present themselves were they allowed to do so. Since the bishops deplore the falling off in numbers of ordination candidates, it is not unreasonable to ask them to state their grounds, should they find themselves refusing to consider the appeal of serious-minded persons who desire to have their vocation tested.

It is easy for those who are outside the Church to dismiss the appeal either as one not worth making because the priesthood is effete, or as one probably based upon self-delusion. "It's a pity most of the clergymen ever thought of being ordained," they may say. "Soon there will be dozens more incompetent coxcombs in cassocks who would be far more suitably employed as shop-assistants or clerks." But the bishops, clearly, cannot disparage either the call or those who think that they have heard it. The bishops have heard the call themselves. They have heard it and answered it. They are, moreover, for the most part unusually wide-minded, sympathetic, and serious people. This is an appeal which they cannot lightly brush aside. It will be interesting to the public generally as well as vitally important to Church people in particular, to see how they will deal with the situation that has arisen.

The submission of this memorandum to Lambeth has brought the question out from the shelter of the currant bushes. It is a question no longer voiced merely by the simple-minded child with an untutored gift for logic, but by a group of mature, and apparently learned, men and women who have broken through the crust of prejudice and custom and have perhaps attained a vision no less single than hers. They have obviously put into this effort all that they could in the way of honest thought. Have they—in the bishops' opinion—merely shown themselves presumptuous and impudent? Have they in proffering their contribution towards what they believe to be the Church's need been merely *enfants terribles* naively tendering something both worthless and embarrassing? Time will show; but it is difficult to think that such a view of their endeavour will be possible to men as open to divine enlightenment as those at present gathered together at the Lambeth Conference.

SUSAN MILES.

## "THE GREEN PASTURES"

**N**EW YORK presents to-day a very different appearance to the visitor who returns after a year's absence. In one sense that is a truism, for the face of that great city changes almost overnight. Buildings disappear and appear, caverns open and close in the streets, as if by earthquake. The Chrysler building, with its incongruous Burmese-pagoda top, a top actually in the clouds on a rainy day, is the latest challenge to the skies. The scars and caverns are many. But it is in another and a wider sense that one writes of to-day's change. There is a difference in the tempo of that surging national life to which the regular visitor has become accustomed. The frenzy of the city is not quite so Bacchic—even if that classic term be used literally. The noises of tearing down and building up are a shade less strident. Restaurants and theatres are not so crowded. Above all, the "game" of business has become a stern struggle, and the faces of the business men, those erstwhile play-boys of the Western world, are set and grim.

But with all the change, one thing, at least, remains. New York is to-day, as it has been for so long, the research-workshop of the drama. Two years ago it was producing Eugene O'Neill's masterpiece "Strange Interlude," the same writer's brilliant satire "Marco Millions" and the negro play "Porgy." Last year Elmer Rice's "Street Scene" and O'Neill's "Dynamo" held the stage. This year New York has given to the world "The Green Pastures." It is our own fault that we have not seen in England three out of the four earlier plays. "The Green Pastures" we are, apparently, not to be allowed to see. No one who has not seen it can realize what we are missing.

"The Green Pastures" is the negro's idea of Old Testament history and of the ways of God toward man. The play opens with a Sunday School class in a Southern town, with a negro pastor reading to the children from the Book of Genesis. Questioned as to life in Heaven and the appearance of God, he answers that as the good Lord likes his people to have a good time here, they will have a good time there. Fish-frys and "good ten-cent seegars" will, undoubtedly, be provided. As to what God is like, the pastor says that as a little boy he always thought of Him as resembling "the Reverend Mr. Dubois," a great preacher in New Orleans. This short scene gives the keynote of the play, with all its simplicity, humour, and reality.

We move at once from the Sunday School to the court of Heaven. A fish-fry is in full swing. The crowd of negro-angels, of every age and size, are enjoying all the humours of the day. From time to time they break into their traditional songs. One of the most moving things in the piece, by the way, is the background of these "spirituals," coming, as it seems, spontaneously, each at its appropriate moment in the story. The English visitor, however much he may think himself prepared for what he is to see, gets, in this scene, his one and only moment of shock. It comes when Gabriel, a coal-black negro in flowing robes, with gold wings, and a great horn slung round his shoulders, cries "Gangway for the Lord God, Jehovah!" But once God, in the person of Mr. Richard B. Harrison, has entered the scene and the first notes of his remarkable voice have sounded, qualms are ended. Mr. Harrison is a tall man in the middle sixties. He is white-haired, and is dressed throughout in the black frockcoat of "the Reverend Mr. Dubois." His performance, in its authority, simplicity, and serious concentration, is one of sheer genius. One can pay him no higher tribute than to say that, unlikely though it may seem, one forgets the actor in the character he portrays.

After this first scene in Heaven, we have got the note of the play. We shall find, we know, as it goes on, crude settings and beautiful, humour and deep feeling. "Except ye become as little children" is to be our text.

One is not surprised, therefore, to find the scene change to God's office. It is that of a lawyer in a Southern town, with its roll-top desk and its letter-files. Here God conducts the affairs of His universe. We go thence with Him to see how His man Adam is doing; and as the Old Testament history winds on we return constantly to the office, now receiving a deputation, now mourning over new disappointments, and once, an unforgettable scene, watching it being cleaned up by two char-angels, their wings carefully covered in red-checked dusters. Thunderbolts are whistling earthwards past the window, and the char-ladies talk, as char-ladies would, of the vagaries of the master, His health, His temper, and the foolishness of His earth-creatures.

With these periodic returns to the office, the play takes us through the Old Testament, with the growing dissatisfaction of God as its major theme. All His experiments fail. Adam, Cain, Noah, Moses, Babylon—the episodes pass before us in humorous and beautiful procession. Where all is so good it is difficult to pick out scenes for special reference. If one has to make the attempt one would choose the whole episode of Noah and the death of Moses.

No one who has seen it will ever forget the recognition by Noah, at his Sunday dinner, of his Visitor. One will always remember the dialogue about the furnishing of the Ark. "May I take a kag o' liquor, Lawd?"—"Yes, Noah, you may take a kag of liquor." "Mebbe I'd better take two kags of liquor, Lawd, one on each side of de boat to keep it steady."—"Take one kag, Noah, and put it in de middle o' de boat." The building of the Ark, with Noah in top-hat and sou'-wester, blue-prints in hand—the three sons, hammering, in mechanics' overalls—the jazzing, contemptuous crowd—all these will remain in the memory.

And then the flood itself, the steam-whistle of a Mississippi steamboat sounding from the Ark, the subsiding of the flood, and God's talk with the exalted—and inebriated—Noah as He sets him off on his fresh start—these, also, are among the things that remain.

The death of Moses is a scene of great beauty and deep feeling. By the use of a moving platform the dusty army of the Israelites plods the stage without passing from our view. Of this scene one can never forget the grief of Moses, the superb singing of the "Jericho" spiritual, and the clutch at the throat which comes when God takes the tired prophet and helps him "up the hill."

One finds oneself wondering how the chronicle will end. One sees God, more and more disheartened, until He stays in His office and refuses, almost petulantly, to visit man again. Then, in spite of Himself, curiosity and something deeper take Him to Earth once more. The Jews are fighting against their enemies—their backs against the wall. It is the God of Hosea to whom they cry, the God of Mercy. In a finely written scene, God, in the guise of "an old preacher from way back in the hills," questions the Jewish leader. "Is this God of Hosea, Jehovah?"—"No, He was the God of Wrath. This is the God of Mercy." "Mercy? Where do you get that Mercy?"—"We learnt it through suffering."

In the last scene we are again in Heaven. God, seated in His great armchair, is ill at ease. He talks to Himself. "He said they learnt Mercy through suffering. Must God suffer?" And then a voice—disembodied, filling the whole stage—cries, "See, He is carrying His cross. What a weight for one man to carry!" God rises from His chair,

His face transfigured, and the choir crashes into the triumphant spiritual "Hallelujah, King Jesus."

Such, in poor outline, is this remarkable play. When the writer saw it a few weeks ago, a great audience, sweltering in a night temperature of 89 degrees, sat enthralled. And at the final curtain there was that moment of stillness which is the crowning tribute of audience to play and players. One came from the theatre cleansed, exalted, thrilled—and filled with a wild anger that so great an experience is to be denied to one's countrymen. Beside this play Oberammergau is an animated lithograph—a reproduction of an old, against the work of a new, master. Will the Censor not change his mind? He has had the courage to do so before now. If he would go to New York and see the play it would not need the scene in Noah's house to remind him of the walk to Emmaus. He would get the inspiration at first hand, as William James put it. He would, in very sober truth, have walked with God; and the responsibility of denying that supreme experience to others is a terrible one to bear.

E. H. GILPIN.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Traffic," at the Lyceum.

**T**RAFFIC," at the Lyceum, is a crook play as effective as it is unoriginal. Mr., Miss, or Mrs. Noel Scott works in the Edgar Wallace tradition. And the scholars of the future are likely to include "Traffic" in the Wallace Apocrypha if not in the "Collected Works." Moreover, just as Mr. Wallace has taken to spicing his material with White Slaves, so does the author of "Traffic." I do not believe in White Slave Traders in Hampstead. There is as much unemployment in prostitution, I fancy, as in the more hygienic industries. And the Poplar police are notoriously more efficient than their Chicago colleagues. But I thoroughly recommend a visit to the Lyceum for everyone who enjoys kidnappings, murders, concealed safes, and mysterious "Bosses." The cast acts with skill and gusto, and a soliloquy with lowered lights makes a pleasing concession to the Lyceum tradition.

"Dance With No Music," Arts Theatre Club.

Mr. Rodney Ackland has succeeded in achieving what hundreds of young playwrights have been attempting to achieve for years—the successful presentation on the stage of a "slice of life," with just that lack of naturalism, and no more, than is compelled by the conventions of acts and curtain dropping. That is to say, the limits within which the author worked have been dictated directly by the possibilities of the medium, and not by any dramatic precepts. Whether this is desirable or not, "Dance With No Music" is an argument in favour of the practice, simply because it has come off so well. The author has not sided with any of his characters. None of them is either underdrawn or overdrawn, and so they have a sort of inevitability, though it is one of naturalness and not of form. Sue is not only a likely character, but an interesting one; and Miss Madeleine Carroll, realizing the possibility and consequent possibilities of the part, made the very best of it. Mr. Roland Culver, too, put just the right amount of surface strength and suavity into Denis Armstrong, and all the other members of the cast seemed to treat the play with consideration and skill, as though they had believed in it from the start.

**Unusual Variety, Grafton Theatre.**

Miss Sara Allgood, who has joined the cast playing "unusual variety" at the Grafton Theatre, is not worried by conventional, contemporary, or any other mannerisms, and her singing voice and intonation form a perfect medium for the expression of her songs—mostly folk and traditional pieces. Whatever she does is infused with her own forceful and subtle personality, and none of that subtlety is due to tricks. Consequently her performance (she

appears twice in the present programme) is wholly delightful, and has about it none of the artiness so often associated with such things. Shaw's trifle "Annajanska—the Bolshevik Empress," deliciously mixed rant and good sense, continues with unabated energy, and Messrs. Abraham Sofaer and Reginald Beckwith, and Miss Mirian Elliott enter thoroughly into the spirit of it, and that entails much breath and exercise. The whole programme is enjoyable, with its dances, songs, and sketches. Among the last, Molnar's "Fledglings" is noticeable for the perceptive and delicate acting of Mr. Leonard Sachs and (again) Mr. Reginald Beckwith.

**"The Phantom of the Opera," Dominion Theatre.**

"The Phantom of the Opera," with which the Dominion Theatre has recently opened as a cinema, is very obviously an old film, whose old-fashioned technique is thinly disguised by the introduction of badly recorded "talkie" passages at odd moments, and by a certain amount of music, principally extracted from "Faust." Its whole atmosphere is that of the defunct "spectacular" film melodrama, and of its type—which accepted a certain standard of unreality and made little attempt to be convincing—it is quite a respectable example. The scenes are set principally in the Paris Opera House (with, as a climax, the falling of a huge chandelier in the middle of a performance), and in a series of tortuous passages and cellars beneath it, in which lives the Phantom, a very sinister criminal lunatic. This part is played by Mr. Lon Chaney, whose acting and make-up, as in many similar parts, are a remarkable if rather sterile *tour de force*.

**Exhibition of Quilted Work, Rural Industries Bureau.**

Another exhibition of Quilted Work made by women in the Distressed Mining Areas of the North of England and South Wales has been arranged by the Rural Industries Bureau at 26, Eccleston Street, Victoria, and was opened last week by Miss Margaret Bondfield. The admirable scheme for reviving and finding a market for this work was inaugurated by the Rural Industries Bureau over two years ago, with the twofold aim of preserving a unique and ancient artistic tradition and of helping by this means to alleviate some of the distress due to unemployment and short time in the coal districts. The scheme has met with a considerable success, as it deserved to do not only for charitable reasons but for the real artistic excellence of the designs and of the work itself. It has been possible, under the direction of an advisory committee, to extend the scope of the work, so that in the present exhibition there are to be seen examples not only of bed and cot quilts, but of motor rugs, dressing gowns, coats, cushions, scarves, bags, &c. Orders can be taken to suit individual requirements as to colour, shape, or material.

\* \* \*

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, August 2nd.—

Sir Walter Layton, on "Free Trade," and Mr. E. D. Simon, on "Free Trade Re-reviewed," Liberal Summer School, Oxford.  
Industrial Designs Art Exhibition, Imperial Institute.  
Esperanto Congress, Oxford (August 2nd-8th).

Monday, August 4th.—Bank Holiday.

Sir Walter Layton, on "India," and Miss Megan Lloyd George, on "The Growth of Nationalism," Liberal Summer School.

Tuesday, August 5th.—

Mr. E. F. Wise, M.P., and Mr. Arthur Holgate, on "The Future of Import Boards," Liberal Summer School.

Mr. W. L. Hichens and Mr. Angus Watson, on "Industrial Problems," Liberal Summer School.

Wednesday, August 6th.—

Mr. W. Wallace and Sir Francis Acland, on "Unemployment," Liberal Summer School.

Thursday, August 7th.—

Sheep Dog Trials and Hound Trials, Applethwaite Common, Windermere.

OMICRON.

## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## TWENTY YEARS AFTER

[A new impression of Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson's "A Modern Symposium" (1911) has been issued by Messrs. Allen & Unwin, at 4s. 6d. The following Imaginary Conversation occurs between one of the original characters and a young acquaintance.]

AUBREY CORYAT : A Poet. MALTHUS SMITH : A Youth.

CORYAT : Yes, doubtful though you appear, I was present all those years ago at the debate which our chairman records so brilliantly in that little book; I am the man who spoke from the poetical point of view (don't grin like that) towards the end of the session; we had a great evening.

SMITH : O, really. I thought possibly you were the same man. Somebody was saying you were by way of being a writer, once.

CORYAT : What do you mean, "once"? I don't want to boast, but I published my last book of verse only this spring. It wouldn't do you any harm to read it.

SMITH : Of course, poetry as you understand it and as we understand it is not precisely the same thing. You seem to have talked yourself to sleep years ago. Take this, for instance, out of your address to the Seekers in the book: "It was just wonderful. There were great horses with shaggy fetlocks resting in green fields, and cattle wading in shallow fords, and streams fringed with willows, and little cheeping birds among the reeds, and larks and cuckoos and thrushes." Tra la la, and the Murder in the Red Barn. And you went on to say that the farm labourer was there in the same sort of key, "thinking about his horses, or his bread and cheese, or his children squalling in the road, or his pig and his cocks and hens."

CORYAT : And wasn't he?

SMITH : I don't know about the antiquated labourer of your period. But I should guess (of course, I don't get away too often) that he'd be nowadays thinking about several women, the talkies, a new motorbike to escape from the boredom of the country, and his chances of getting on to the quota for America. I'm only sticking to a simple case. If we were to talk of other changes—say, the way a poet looks at things nowadays—I think you'd admit that "A Modern Symposium" begins to date a bit.

CORYAT : But, pardon me, is the duty, and the essence, of poetry affected? What do you think it should be in relation to life generally?

SMITH : There's your dreary old fallacy! You belong to the age of beadles and Pleasant Sunday Afternoons. Poetry isn't a benevolent society. It belongs to the man who writes it. It's his personal resolving of his own uniqueness. He needn't write one word of what you'd call the English language. He—

CORYAT : "But why then publish?" Still, theory and practice. . . . Anything else?

SMITH : Yes, the poet nowadays doesn't blink anything—he looks straight at it all—

CORYAT : I say, that sounds familiar. Surely—here it is, ancient as the hills; what Coryat said in 1911.

SMITH : No, you're wrong. You add, in the book, that "he sees it in the true perspective, under a white light," and so forth, with Jehovah like a J. C. Squire in the background approving of his faithful prize-winner. You don't control the lighting. Ever seen—

CORYAT : A modern bombardment? Fifty miles of sanguinary meteors. And now, those fifty miles are full of little farms and shrines and inns—

SMITH : And Socialist meetings. That reminds me. What a queer person MacCarthy must have been, the Anarchist who spoke on that occasion! I mean, he knew such a lot. Talking about 1789, 1830, 1848, and Shelley and Blake. Not my idea of an anarchist. The man was

full of rules and regulations. What happened to him, before his death in Leningrad?

CORYAT : He died in Saint Petersburg, as the book says.—He married; then the War came on, and he was a trench-mortar officer for many months. I happened to meet him at Arras, the winter before. He was with his Divisional General, who loved him. I remember the General saying to him, "Well, you dirge of the dying year, are you all ready for the raid?" MacCarthy answered, with a side-glance at me, "I will not be so hypocritical and base as to deny that violence must be one of our means of action."

SMITH : I expected a better explosion than that. By the way, what struck me most about all the speakers at your Symposium was not the point of view of each, or all, but the general air of over-refinement, the excessively cultured style of the speeches. After all, it was a society that "aimed at combining the most opposite elements." You had, however, merely variations of the same man in it. You all spoke with one accent—well, I daresay you personally broke away a little from the classical tradition, but altogether it was a well-upholstered society. It obviously travelled first class.

CORYAT : I see your meaning. You are in fact struck by the point of view. The style was the point of view of us Seekers; at least, it was the solid ground on which we could all meet so eloquently.

SMITH : Rhetorically. But you were still in the age of Isaac Watts, and—and Anthony Trollope.

CORYAT : I am surprised at your literariness.

SMITH : I am giving you every assistance. What I am after is this: you Seekers then really thought the direction of the times was your job, and yet you were out of touch through your privileged existence with the habits and intentions of the tribes who didn't know what the meaning of "Symposium" is. Your Anarchist was too fantastic. What was the gulf between him and a razor-fight in a slum saloon? Your Scientist talked in the right direction, but I wouldn't have expected him to fly to Australia exactly. You see, we mix better nowadays. We hear voices that would make the Seekers' flesh creep, and we attend to them.

CORYAT : I must say, I am going to no more talkies—and that Howitzer Organ which your mixed multitude—

SMITH : Wurlitzer Organ.

CORYAT : No matter which; I don't perceive any marvellous renaissance in a period which may be symbolized in its preference of that machinery to an orchestra.

SMITH : But, at your Symposium—let me turn it up—you said, "I feel as if I could embrace everything and everyone I come across, simply for being so good as to exist . . . floating on the great river of life, that was and is and will be, itself its own justification." You agreed with God. I won't press that point. We all have our sentimental moments. I sometimes feel as if I could even go to the National Gallery, or read "The Dynasts."

CORYAT : I hope this "Symposium" will make you sentimental enough to write down, for all of us, the conversation that may occur among some of you when you examine yourselves on the mystery of living. But be sure to be absolutely modern. I find that we referred to things like halfpenny newspapers, and used Latin expressions. Go ahead. It is only a matter of writing it down. You see how our chairman did it.

SMITH : Anyway, I should leave out the background—trees, and fountains, and the rest of it. And I'm not sure I should have anybody except myself at my Symposium. Don't get irritated. I've said that I thought your Symposium was the same man talking through different hats.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

## REVIEWS

## MR. WELLS, MR. PARHAM, AND MRS. MARKHAM

**The Autocracy of Mr. Parham.** By H. G. WELLS. With 10 Drawings by DAVID LOW. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

In his latest book, Mr. Wells carries his breathless reader at an incredible speed through a succession of thrilling and dramatic world events, visualized from the standpoint of *la haute politique*. Together we share in the flight of that throbbing Armada of the air, as it circles, and curves, and banks over Europe, looping the loop, flying in miraculous patterns, and swooping magnificently down upon one capital after another, to hear, in each, the Lord Paramount deliver his great speech on the Russian peril. Or we look on at a vast Atlantic Battle, when the British and American fleets send each other (owing to a misunderstanding) to the bottom of the sea, while a third fleet, a silent, ghostlike fleet of towering icebergs, takes its grim and relentless part in the encounter. Again, we are in Trafalgar Square as the pavement under our feet becomes "like a crater in eruption" for the whole area is suddenly alive with bursting bombs. Harmless old women are sent heavenward in fragments, while Nelson topples to earth with his column in pieces beneath him. And at last, in the uncanny silence above a "vast retort in which a greenish-white liquid was bubbling and boiling," and which is hidden within those walls of Cayme which have risen so mysteriously from the sea at Lyonsse, the final catastrophe comes with a crash. These scenes, and others, are described with Mr. Wells's sure mastery of the art of narrative.

And yet—in spite of it all, there runs through the book a strain which recalls irresistibly to mind that ladylike and long-forgotten schoolroom book, Mrs. Markham's History of England. This is not to suggest plagiarism on the part of Mr. Wells. Far from it. Obviously, as a child he cannot have read Mrs. Markham, or even yet he could not have the courage so unblushingly to avow a disdain for the study of history. No. Mr. Wells and Mrs. Markham have a natural affinity. Or can it be that at some period in his life he became entangled in an ectoplasm exuded by the lady? In any case, their methods are akin.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Markham's chapters were interspersed with conversations in which her three children plied her with questions to be answered by her at great length. No real child ever believed for an instant in the existence of Richard, George, and Mary. Their thirst for learning was too plainly nothing but a disguise assumed by their mother's thirst for teaching. They were priggish little *Robots* manipulated by herself to lead up to her own discourses. In the case of Mr. Wells, this same part is played by Mr. Parham, and, in a lesser degree, by General Gerson and the rest. But Mr. Wells makes it too easy for himself. For him, it is mere child's play to knock the stuffing out of this Don whose history must surely be out of date, even in an Oxford created by Mr. Wells to suit his own purpose. The school of historians which he admires belongs, if not altogether to the period B.C., at any rate to the B. J. R. G. and H. S.\* epoch.

But unlike Mrs. Markham, who expected us to take her children seriously, Mr. Wells allows us to laugh, and indeed he laughs with us, at the Priggishness of Mr. Parham; and from first to last his book is extremely entertaining. It abounds in farce, in caricature, and in an irony flavoured with both. The conversation between Paramuzzi and the Lord Paramount is gloriously funny; and, by the way, it has evoked from Mr. Low what is perhaps the most vivid of all his vivid pages of collaboration. Sir Bussy's party for the "gayer rich" is described with a sly verisimilitude which is most pleasing; while Sir Bussy himself (except in some of his longer speeches) is a delight. Certainly, although we are not likely to meet Mr. Wells's characters in any world which Mr. Wells did not create, it is great fun to meet them there.

But he has as ever a message to deliver, and we must

not think of his book as merely amusing. It is propaganda. But is Mr. Wells himself entirely satisfied with its success as such? It does not appear so, or he could not leave us with the picture of an unrepentant Mr. Parham, not one penny the better for those instructive experiences of his. Once more he is waiting to step into the shoes of the Master of St. Simon's; with no reaction to all he has gone through, except a regret for the non-materialization of that scholarly and authoritative weekly paper, which was to have been "All that the SPECTATOR, the SATURDAY REVIEW, THE NATION, and the NEW STATESMAN have ever been and more."

Mrs. Markham was more confident that she had achieved her purpose and made us into historians, for, on her last page, she made Richard (the little wretch!) sententiously ask her to write a History of France.

EDITH OLIVIER.

## A RECORD OF CHILDHOOD

**The Small Years.** By FRANK KENDON. With an Introduction by WALTER DE LA MARE. (Cambridge University Press 6s.)

A DUSTJACKET with a most engaging and intimate pencil-drawn sketch-plan of a rural corner—"Jimmy's House"—"This part for long largely unexplored"—"three ponds here"—"here is the nursery window"—all in a somewhat Stevensonian atmosphere, was novel enough to attract my attention. That attention in ten seconds brought recognition, like a widening and deepening flush, over my whole consciousness, and I knew that whatever notices this book might secure, mine would be different from them all. For I, myself, was an indistinguishable part of that school background, that "fourth wall" in the house of Frank Kendon's infant life, which is the *continuum* of his reminiscences. At that actual time he was too young to reciprocate my knowledge of him—but he himself refers to his little "ginger-head and freckled face," and these are clear in my memory. Schoolboys of that age are usually too self-conscious to be openly addicted to their house-master's infants, unless indeed six feet of height and a batting average that is a school record enable one so to defy or create public opinion as to give pick-a-backs to Frank's eldest sister—here only slightly disguised under the name "Carrie." This stalwart became a fine figure in the Navy, and may have been succeeded by other boys who paid like attentions to this author, but the recollections do not disclose it. And I could only envy.

I do not doubt that most readers will ask whether this distinguished and sensitive record idealizes and romanticizes the scenes and sentiments of early life in the way in which our universal experience leads us to expect. We have all known the inevitable ease with which adult feelings can be read back into early recollection and become indistinguishable from it. But I can vouch over a great part of the objective field that here it is veritable and actual. Indeed, the writer had no glamour to shed, like Sentimental Tommy—no disillusionments of magnification—for he has lived in these scenes in later years, and not merely returned to them from afar. Nor does he seek to reinvest the past with its lost mystery—Wordsworth's:

"But yet I know, where'er I go  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth, . . .  
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?"—

or Mrs. Browning's:

"a narrow ken  
Hath childhood 'twixt the sun and sward:  
We draw the moral afterward—  
We feel the gladness then."

The mystery was always there, and is still there. I doubt whether any one of the hundreds of boys who gathered up for life in passing through that school, will rise from this reading without emotion, for the prose abounds in passages of authentic and searching beauty. The truth is that the poet's spirit was there from the earliest days, inarticulate, but sensitive to a range of tones and hues that escape most of us. The chapter on the Wood, and that on Birds and Flowers must surely rank in the highest literature of the day—a new wonder to the psychologist, and a sheer joy to

\* Before John Richard Green and Herbert Spencer.

every lover of nature and artistry in words. Most boys approach these scenes in their more sophisticated and gregarious years, with town eyes, and miss it nearly all. There is wealth beyond dreams here—and yet I miss some things wistfully. I miss all influence of the strangely clear and silent starry nights that moved me calmly yet uneasily; I miss, in the description of the front hall cupboard, the effect of the ceaseless rain of piano notes from a continuous relay of struggling practisers close by; I miss, coming across the laurel hedge that gave us killing-pots for tardy oblivion to maimed butterflies, another ceaseless, but rather better, stream of music, pouring into the road, just diagonally below "the nursery window," and eloquent of the ministrations of that aunt who was "very beautiful, with hair fair and cloudy, with soft voice and imperturbable way of smiling," and who must have been entrusted with responsibilities as music mistress to impressionable youth at a singularly early age. But I have refound so much that really I miss nothing.

The portraits of grandfathers, parents, aunts, and uncles are magical. Never was any infant so rich in aunts, of quality and distinction. But nothing can convey fully enough the influence of the two remarkable families, drawn from the best virtues of late Victorian stock, with its earnestness of purpose and steadfastness of outlook, in the development of the two schools and their neighbourhood over a half-century.

Mr. Kendon has written beautiful poetry. But he has never done anything as good as this, and I feel it impossible that he can ever do anything better. To many it may all seem very trivial, but in the tone and manner of telling it can stand with the intense, pure quality of W. H. Hudson and Sir James Barrie for its power to convince and to charm, in what Mr. De la Mare rightly calls, in his Introduction, "its lovely truth and clarity." I forbear quotation—it may tear a blossom from the very setting which makes the magic—and I will simply register my conviction that "The Small Years" can now never fade away.

J. C. STAMP.

## THE CRIME OF POVERTY

**Poverty and the State.** By GILBERT SLATER. (Constable. 12s. 6d.)

THIS is an illuminating book, full of information given clearly with just enough historical background to make its significance plain. Dr. Slater takes as his topics such subjects as Health Insurance, Lunacy, the Care of the Child, the Care of the Aged, the State and the Trade in Alcohol, Unemployment, and shows how these problems have been treated, what form they assume to-day, and what remedies are proposed. Dr. Slater's book is based on lectures, and though a book that starts from lectures starts in some respects at a disadvantage, this book has the best quality of the lecture-room in the sense that the reader does not feel that he is being pushed or coaxed into a conclusion, but rather that he is being led through difficult and confused facts by a guide who can throw some light on their bearing.

It would be instructive to follow the different problems discussed by Dr. Slater and then see what kind of space they occupy in the achievements and the speeches of the great statesmen of last century. Take such a question as that of Public Health. In 1847 and 1848, Parliament spent a long time in debating Public Health Bills: in 1847 the Government Bill was dropped; in 1848 it reached the Statute Book. Nobody who studies Dr. Slater's book or considers what town life in the nineteenth century meant in the history of the English people can doubt that there was no other question so important before Parliament in those two years. In neither year were those debates mentioned in the Annual Register. Dr. Slater's book is largely a description of reforms and problems that seem all important to-day and seemed subordinate issues at that time.

When Disraeli spoke of England as two nations, he described a society divided by something more than the difference between comfort and poverty. The sting in poverty a century ago was well defined by Bulwer Lytton when he said that poverty, regarded elsewhere as a misfortune, was regarded in England as a crime. The great outcry against the new Poor Law in the thirties and forties, an outcry strong enough to obstruct its progress, was provoked by putting this view of poverty into a system. Things happened before the Poor Law revolution as terrible as any that happened after, but there was all the difference between unorganized and organized harshness. Some of the most important reforms in modern times are reforms of which we take little account, for the breakdown of this view has been caused in part by abolishing the property qualification for Guardians and by introducing a new humanity into workhouse administration. In the forties the West Riding and Lancashire were ringing with the cruelty of separating husbands and wives and breaking up families when unemployment or sickness disabled them. One harsh law governed the lives of the sick and the idle, the victim of misfortune and the man who liked the life of the vagrant. The Local Government Board, as Dr. Slater shows, kept this tradition long after opinion had turned against it. It is in quite recent times, under the guidance of Ministers of all parties, including Chamberlain, Fowler, Balfour, and Chaplin, that this stern and bleak discipline has been abolished.

Poverty was treated in one way when regarded as a misfortune; in another when regarded as a crime; in a third when it came to be regarded as a disease. This is the stage that we have now reached. Dr. Slater is surely scarcely correct in the opening sentence of his last chapter, where he suggests that this stage has only been reached since the war. "Up to November 11th, 1918, the State was primarily an organization for national defence or for aggression against other States. Since that date it has become primarily an organization for the prevention or mitigation of poverty, by combating disease, ignorance, social disorder and unemployment, and for the care of such dependents as children, widows, aged persons, and others suffering from physical and mental disability." Dr. Slater's pages would give the impression that the change had begun before 1918. Indeed, one might say of English politics between 1906 and 1914 that while national defence was occupying a small group of persons conscious of danger, social insurance and

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similar problems were absorbing the attention of Parliament.

Dr. Slater remarks that in certain respects, dress, manners, cleanliness, the differences of class have largely disappeared. He asks a question that many who compare the clothing and boots of the village children to-day and twenty years ago must have asked themselves. "Average wages, measured in real values, are much the same as before the war; but somehow much more is spent on amusements and comforts." The explanation, as he says, is partly that the State in one way or another—Old Age Pensions, Disability Pensions, &c.—helps the family income. There is another change, and it has a far-reaching importance. In the early nineteenth century the idea of common amusement, so important in other periods of history (Professor Conrad Gill's admirable book on "Studies in Midland History" gives a picture of Coventry in the fifteenth century that is specially interesting from this point of view), had gone clean out of English life. In the last twenty years, with wireless, village drama, country dancing, and other institutions, it has returned. In this sense England is very much less like two nations. This change is in some senses more important than a political revolution.

J. L. HAMMOND.

### THE IRRITABLE AND ERRATIC EGO

**Bengal Lancer.** By F. YEATS-BROWN. (Gollancz. 9s.)

**Misfit.** By CAPTAIN J. R. WHITE. (Cape. 10s.)

**Some Personal Experiences.** By SIR BAMPFYLD FULLER. (Murray. 12s.)

THE strange similarities and differences in these three books and in their authors' lives, minds, and characters show what an irritable and erratic entity the ego is. The ego, of course, is all that is left of what our optimistic and pretentious forefathers called the soul or divine spark. If you look into a drop of water through a sufficiently powerful microscope, you may see a horrible little creature half-worm and half-tadpole, apparently in a state of frantic and unnecessary excitement, twisting, wriggling, gesticulating, writhing, lashing itself into paroxysms of self-pity or self-importance. If you look into autobiographies, you may see a similar minute creature, performing the same antics—it is the author's ego, soul, or divine spark. Some autographers seem to be entirely unaware of the existence of this creature in themselves; others try to conceal it; while others, again, attempt to dress it up so that it may seem beautiful, large, and imposing. But the reader who catches a glimpse of it, unconcealed and unadorned, has no call to feel superior—we all have this half-worm, half-tadpole, deep down inside us, in the very place where we should like to find the soul.

The writers of these autobiographies were all at public schools, and belong to the upper and governing classes. Major Yeats-Brown and Captain White were in the Army, Sir Bampfylde in the Indian Civil Service. All three went to India. And whether it was due to the climate of India or merely to the erratic irritability of the ego, this ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal, this ex-Major of the Bengal Lancers, and this ex-Captain of the Gordon Highlanders all became infected and afflicted with different forms of mysticism. Major Yeats-Brown, perhaps the wisest, has left his polo and his pig-sticking for one of the most ancient methods devised for deluding the soul or allaying the irritability of the ego, the mysticism or yoga of India. Sir Bampfylde Fuller, a typical Anglo-Indian civilian, whom one would never suspect of mysticism, suddenly interpolates in his reminiscences a chapter containing a long and not very lucid account of a private scientific, if not metaphysical, system which he has elaborated himself. Captain White has quite kicked over the traces. He was still a subaltern when he experienced in his inside that "liqueur sensation" which is probably not very different from some of the extraordinary sensations which Major Yeats-Brown and the Indian yogis obtain by breathing exercises and standing on their heads. Captain White first tried Tolstoyism, but was disappointed. He now has a private

mysticism of his own which he promised his publisher to keep out of his autobiography—he has succeeded with difficulty in partially doing so.

Of the three books, "Bengal Lancer" is, from every point of view, much the best. It is indeed in parts a very good book. Major Yeats-Brown can write well, and he has considerable powers of describing scenes and incidents in his past with remarkable vividness. Particularly scenes of swift action seem to appeal to him as an artist, for he gets the feeling of rapid movement into his descriptions in a way which very few writers are capable of. His account of a polo match and of pig-sticking are much the best things in his book, and the whole of the first part in which he describes life in the Bengal Lancers is admirable. I could have wished that he had devoted his whole book to that life, for I do not think he is nearly so successful where he is dealing with his war adventures or with his mysticism. But it is only fair to him and to the book to say that many people will not and do not agree with me.

Captain White was the son of Sir George White, the "hero of Ladysmith." He was educated at Winchester and Sandhurst; went to India with his regiment, the Gordon Highlanders; fought with it in the Boer War and won the D.S.O.; was A.D.C. to his father when Governor of Gibraltar. He should have had a life for which an autobiography is inappropriate—or if appropriate, then a biography, staid and respectable and official such as distinguished people, decorated with the K.C.S.I., like Sir Bampfylde Fuller, inevitably write. But Captain White has what no officer in the Gordon Highlanders and no respectable person can afford to have, an ego whose excitability is out of his control. Hence he is known to many people as "mad Jack White," and hence the series of adventures which make his book a very interesting autobiography. He tells very well the story of how he tried to earn his living as a labourer in Canada, how he lived in the Whiteway Tolstoyan Colony, how his mystical philosophy sent him from Tolstoyism to Ireland to work with Jim Larkin and the Irish Volunteers, and finally to prison. At the end of his book he writes: "I find life increasingly painful, but increasingly exciting." A man who can truthfully say that has much to be thankful for, for most people as they grow older find that unfortunately life becomes ever less painful and less exciting.

Sir Bampfylde Fuller, as was to be expected, writes a much more respectable and regular autobiography than the two soldiers. It is an interesting book because it gives a picture of India, as India was thirty or forty years ago, seen through the eyes of a typical Indian Civil Servant. It is also interesting because of the picture that it gives of the Civil Servant. "It is a greater thing," says Sir Bampfylde dogmatically, "to be fed regularly than to be free," and in the inability of Englishmen to understand the state of mind of people who believe the exact opposite of this dogma may be found the cause of their political failure in Ireland, India, Egypt, and other less important imperial "possessions." Sir Bampfylde shows in his book that he has all the good qualities for which Conservative politicians are perpetually praising the Indian Civil Service, and to underrate them would be just as foolish as to overestimate their importance. For people who prefer regular meals to freedom nothing could be more pleasant than to be ruled by Sir Bampfylde Fuller, and I have no doubt that if one had been born with that temperament and had found oneself under his strong but paternal administration, one would have garlanded him and salaamed and turned out to meet him at railway stations and called one's eldest son after him just as, he assures us not infrequently, so many Indians did. But even the worms like occasionally to be free to turn in their own way, and if one reads Sir Bampfylde Fuller's book, and observes the state of his ego, one can hardly be surprised at the present conditions in India. It should be added that there is a good deal of political interest in parts of his autobiography. His account of the part he played in the partition of Bengal is well worth reading. According to his story, Lord Morley behaved in the most treacherous and underhand way to him.

LEONARD WOOLF.

## GRANDMOTHER EUROPE

**How About Europe?** By NORMAN DOUGLAS. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

"MOTHER INDIA" would have been an intolerable book for an Englishwoman to have written. But Miss Mayo is an American, and she has no doubt suffered from the sentimental nonsense about India which you hear in the United States. Yogis abound there; and Uspenski, Keyserling, Rabinandranath Tagore in soft yapp, Esoteric Buddhism in twelve lessons, all feed the characteristic Anglo-Saxon disapproval of other people's Imperialism. Miss Mayo went to India, and discovered Hindu religious practices and precepts which struck her as unchaste, inhumane, and—worst of all to an American eye—unhygienic. I dare say that in America there is now just a little less nonsense talked about India. But it is a pity that "Mother India" was published here. We were quite Pharisaical enough already.

Mr. Norman Douglas was given "Mother India" to read in the train. The train had red velvet seats, and it was a hot August day. As he read Miss Mayo's book, "What she tells of India is all very sad and unpleasant," he thought, "but what about Europe?" And he has put his subsequent musings together in a book. He occasionally uses some Oriental habit as a stick to beat us with, and there is a refrain of "They manage these things better out East." But the book is not a defence of India. For the Indians despise reason, and Mr. Douglas is at heart a Greek.

"How About Europe?" does not set out to be a closely argued treatise. It is rather the after-dinner conversation of a very wise, experienced, and witty man, a man to whom nothing is so disgusting as cant, and nobody so repulsive as the puritanical busybody. He enjoys puncturing European self-satisfaction with facts about our callousness and cruelty, but it is the miseries which we inflict upon ourselves which chiefly rouse his indignation. "Europe has lost her smile." The infringements on the liberty of the individual are grotesque, and a sensible, pleasure-loving nation allows its life to be regulated by a minority of professional spoilsports. Like all good talkers, Mr. Douglas continually crystallizes his thought in telling phrases, and delights in the begetting of an occasional *boutade*; here are a few of them:—

"What is honesty? A time-saving contrivance."

"When a duty ceases to be a pleasure, then it ceases to exist."

"Wherever there are enclosing walls, there are abuses behind them."

"Education creates a type instead of a character; in other words it instils uniformity, which is an enemy of civilization."

"Nine-tenths of the reformers of humanity have been mischief-makers or humbugs."

"Curry atones for all the fatuities of the 108 Upanishads."

"In the whole course of history, the most brutal enslaver of women has been Christianity."

"Monotheism, a graceless and unreasonable belief, has its origin in laziness."

So provocative a manner is only effective when one is preaching to the converted, and it is useless, I fear, to recommend "How About Europe?" to such people as Lady Astor and Mr. James Douglas. Indeed, no one except the author probably agrees with every remark in the book. But there are a few people who enjoy a neat presentation of their opponent's case. Moreover, Mr. Douglas refers to some Government practices which if brought to their notice would certainly shock most Englishmen, the constant use in this country, for instance, of *agents provocateurs*, and the frequently disgraceful treatment of foreign visitors at our ports.

The digressions in this notebook are always full of point. Mr. Douglas talks as pungently about Nietzsche and Hickey as he does about the "Come to Britain" movement or the censorship of films. He even retains some charming illusions. He believes, for instance, that judges are more sensible and humane than politicians, and that Catholic countries contain no prudes. Has he visited Ireland, or read the *dicta* of Lord Merivale and Mr. Justice Avory?

I wish this book could be a best-seller, but social liberty is not a subject which interests the public. Every league for preventing people from doing things gains thousands of

supporters: a league for allowing people to do things is what we really require. We have our generals, Mr. Clive Bell, Mr. E. S. P. Haynes, Mr. A. P. Herbert, and Mr. Norman Douglas. But where are the troops?

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

## FROISSART

**Froissart.** By F. S. SHEARS. (Routledge. 10s. 6d.)

PROFFESOR SHEARS chooses an appropriate time for the publication of his study of Froissart—at the first appearance of dry land after a two years' flood of chronicles and novels of the Great War. Froissart chronicled the first great war fought between European nations and the deeds of the first British Expeditionary Force to know the Somme. The habits and ideas of the soldier change slowly, and many of the disasters of the late war can be traced to the inability of the twentieth-century military mind to forget mediæval strategy. But other circumstances of war have changed more rapidly than strategy, and its absurdities have shifted ground. Ransom no longer exists. Prisoners in the Hundred Years' War, naming their own ransoms, made it a matter of personal pride to set them high, and became honoured guests in the household of their captors until the money should arrive. To-day, more logically, prisoners of war are made to realize that they do not cease to be enemies by being captured. But on the other hand, victors in the fourteenth century did not conceive any such absurdity as the trial of the leaders of the defeated army for atrocities committed during service. As we know from Froissart, even the toughened Middle Ages could be moved to pity for the innocent victims of a campaign, but no one imagined that an embargo could be laid upon particular types and certain degrees of slaughter and brutality. Yet before a battle one leader would send to another pointing out that the position of the opposing armies was not equally favourable and asking the enemy to take up a position of less advantage. But taking it as a whole the Hundred Years' War was far more rational than any modern war can ever hope to be. In the fourteenth century populations were not beyond control; nations might be effectively conquered and territories annexed. The economic aspects and results of war were comparatively simple. A country might be impoverished by the plunderer or by victory too dearly bought, and not recover for a century, but world-wide interdependence of nations had not made war what we have seen it—an international struggle inside a spike-lined barrel rolling down a steep place into the sea.

This, however, is not Froissart, nor what Professor Shears has made of Froissart. The book is, in the main, a biographical and literary account. Biographically Froissart provides a better subject than most mediæval writers, as the nature of the researches to which he so seriously devoted his life led him to speak of his own experiences and travels, and the nature of his genius led him more than once to discard the mediæval conventions of self-reference for more modern egoisms. Especially valuable for the student of French literature are Professor Shears's comparisons of the various "redactions" of the Chronicles, and the book as a whole will appeal to those interested in French literature—and also to those interested in our own, for Lord Berners placed the Chronicles almost as surely in English literature as North placed Plutarch there, or Tyndale the New Testament. Professor Shears possesses two characteristics, both rare, and rarely found together, scholarship and readability. The picturesqueness of his subject, the ships with golden masts, and the fountains flowing with red wine, which has proved *ignis fatuus* to so many writers on the period, he treats with admirable detachment. He is at pains to do three things chiefly: to establish Froissart's reliability as an historian; to correct the superficial view that all his sympathies were invariably given to the upper classes, and that he had no eye nor ear for the sufferings of the peasants; and finally to give a critical description of Froissart's poetry, too often overshadowed by the interest and merits of the Chronicles.

LYN LL. IRVINE.

## A LITERARY POCKET-BOOK

The lectures delivered at the Geneva Institute of International Relations during the past four years have been published annually under the title "Problems of Peace," and that title would serve for any one of the small selection of books before us. First, there are the lectures themselves, Fourth Series (Humphrey Milford, 8s. 6d.), which deal in some way with practically all the problems that face the League, industrial, economic, and legal. Then we have "The World's Population Problems and a White Australia," by H. L. Wilkinson (P. S. King, 18s.)—a general discussion of the growing world population in relation to the means of subsistence, and a specific examination of the problems of great surplus populations and great empty lands. In a narrower field are Messrs. R. Y. Hedges and Allan Winterbottom's review of "The Legal History of Trade Unionism," from Elizabeth to George V. (Longmans, 7s. 6d.), the content of which is disclosed in the title; "The Economics of Modern Industry," by Percy Ford (Longmans, 4s. 6d.), especially written for young business men impatient of academic economics; and "The Theory of Collective Bargaining," by W. H. Hutt (P. S. King, 5s.), in which the author arrives at the conclusion that "workers' combinations are impotent to secure a redistribution of the product of industry in favour of the relatively poor." Last, we have Professor Charles Gide's "Communist and Co-Operative Colonies" (Harrap, 7s. 6d.), in which the distinguished French economist discusses the many abortive attempts that have been made by groups of people from time to time to escape from everyday politics and economics, and to set up communities self-contained, self-supporting, and self-satisfied.

Extensive revision distinguishes several new editions of practical books: Judge Ruegg's "Elementary Text-book of the Laws of England" (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d.), a plain series of definitions (with occasional amusing literary illustrations), is brought up to date; the "Handbook of Palestine," edited by H. C. Luke and E. Keith-Roach (Macmillan, 16s.), reappears with large additions, and now includes a full account of Trans-Jordan; "The West Indies," by George Manington (Nash, 7s. 6d.), has a preface on developments since 1925. Annual volumes before us are "The School-Master's Yearbook" (H. F. W. Deane, 35s.)—the 22nd edition, presenting a mass of information on institutions and individuals; the "Annual Charities Register" (Longmans, 8s. 6d.); and the "Author's Annual" (Williams & Norgate, 5s.). The last-named is of American origin, and contains miscellaneous articles, such as "Why Authors Leave Home" and "Book Clubs and their 1929 Selections." A capital catalogue of the books in the library of the British Drama League by Violet Kent (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), under the title "The Player's Library and Bibliography of the Theatre," at once takes its place among the best reference books; the classification and indexing are excellent, and the whole forms an invitation to play-choosers to explore and experiment.

"The Studio," never weary of well-doing, has published two more agreeable volumes of reproductions at five shillings each. "The Spirit of America" contains coloured reproductions of Currier and Ives Prints—those relics of the nineteenth century, "ballads in picture," of which some rise to great power of impression. See, for instance, "A Midnight Race on the Mississippi." It is grandiosity's masterpiece. The other volume in our hands is "Michael Angelo," as the first number of a series of "Master Draughtsmen"; it reproduces twelve studies mainly in black or red chalk, with introductions to the whole and to each plate.

Mr. Sidney Dark, in his "London Town" (7s. 6d.), which Messrs. Harrap have just added to their Kitbag Travel Books, admits that, although he has catered particularly for visitors, he has also had his eye on his fellow-citizens. On the other hand, Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore, in "Touring London" (Batsford, 4s.), brackets those who live in London with visitors as the readers to whom he appeals. Mr. Dark's guide is illustrated with photographs and pencil drawings by Mr. Joseph Pike; Mr. Shore's with photographs and etchings and drawings by various hands; and both books, though they cover more or less the same ground, have agreeable distinguishing qualities. "Hyde Park: Its History and Romance," by Mrs. Alec Tweedie (Besant, 3s. 6d.), is an abridged edition of a book published in 1908. Its method is the vivacious-historical, and it has illustrations from old prints, &c.

"Maine's Ancient Law" has so long been a standard work, that a new edition of that published in 1906 with Sir Frederick Pollock's notes is very welcome even though the modifications have been slight. In his introduction to this present edition (Murray, 10s. 6d.) Sir Frederick Pollock refers to the way in which Sir Henry Maine's work has stood the test of time, and quotes the opening words of the article in the New Encyclopædia Britannica: "At the head of English jurisprudence stands Sir Henry Maine." True as this may be, it would be idle to pretend that the work has not aged; taken as an investigation into the origins of primitive law, no modern anthropologist would be likely to accept either its method or its conclusions. Scientific pre-history and the scientific exploration of the law of primitive peoples simply did not come Maine's way.

We propose to glance, from time to time, at the work of our predecessors. THE ATHENÆUM, in July, 1830, was rejoicing in an "extraordinary and sudden increase of circulation." Its editor was Charles Wentworth Dilke, the friend of Keats; and among its writers were other friends of Keats, as J. H. Reynolds, Edward Holmes, and James Rice. The issue for July 3rd opened with an obituary of George IV.: "As a king, even if it were permitted to us to discuss the question, we should desire to leave his character to the more equal justice of posterity;—but as a Patron of Literature and Art, we cannot hesitate to place him among the first of this or any age." In the same number, John Constable (anonymously) discussed the "marble basso-relievo of the Holy Family, by Michael Angelo, bequeathed by the late Sir George Beaumont, Bart., to the Royal Academy." Constable was a competent journalist. The following week, Allan Cunningham's name is entered, in the editorial file, against "The Living Artists, No. I.", in which occur the words, "We observe by the papers, that he has finished, much to the satisfaction of friends, a portrait of Allan Cunningham."

Presumably Dilke himself reviewed Lamb's "Album Verses" on July 17th. Lamb used to refer to Dilke as Bilk, and the review is hardly hero-worship. On July 24th Reynolds reported "Mr. Kean's Benefit," his last appearance before visiting America. He averred that Kean was something of a wreck; but "the Americans will pick up something by crowding to the wreck." The "Living Artist" honoured on July 31st was Stothard, remarkable not only for the "bloom of sweet and pleasing fancy" in his pictures, but in their multitude: "One admirer, an artist, has three folio volumes of them, each containing a thousand works." Among the advertisements of the month, one may mention a few: "This day is published, price 1l. 1s., THE NOBLE GAME OF BILLIARDS, from the French of the celebrated M. Mingaud. . . Translated and published by John Thurston, 14, Catherine-street, Strand." "DUGGIN'S PATENT VENTILATING HATS . . . will not prevent the egress of perspiration, which has been so much the complaint of Water-proof Hats, often producing the head-ache and the loss of hair." "Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks; a Novel. 2 vols." "GENERAL CEMETERY COMPANY. At a General Meeting of the Shareholders. . . ."

## BRIDGE

BY CALIBAN.

### SOME RECENT BOOKS ON BRIDGE (III.)

I HAVE devoted my last two articles to the discussion of some American books on Contract. Since writing this, I have received a copy of Mr. Frank England's "Bidding Standards at Contract" (De La Rue). It is a pleasure to learn, from a perusal of this well written book, that our American friends are not having it all their own way.

Apart from any other consideration, Mr. England's book has the advantage (from the point of view of English readers) of including the Portland Club laws. This, perhaps, is not as great an advantage as it ought to be, as the fact that the Portland Club laws are copyright (the copyright being vested, not in the Club, but in a firm of publishers) is a distinct handicap. As I said last week, the laws of a game as widely played as is Contract ought to be freely reproducible. In fact I am thinking of formulating a code of my own—and it would not be difficult to improve on that of the Portland—and presenting it to those members of the public who object, and, as I think, object rightly, to having to buy their laws.

However, this little difficulty is not Mr. England's fault, and the inclusion of the Portland Club laws certainly adds

to the usefulness of his book. The book itself, like those I have already discussed, deals almost exclusively with bidding. "The bidding at Auction Bridge," writes Mr. England, "has been and still is a sadly neglected art; I wrote, in a previous book, that it was the essence of the game. If that statement were true, then bidding must be the quintessence of Contract, where the necessity for high bids and the increased penalties for failure require a far more accurate assessment of the value of a hand."

Mr. England, like other authorities, has his own system; but I am inclined to think, reading between the lines of his book, that he is still open to conviction in regard to a good many disputed points. This open-mindedness, and a ready recognition that situations frequently arise where several bids are theoretically equally good, are in marked contrast to the dogmatism of some other writers. I am strongly in favour of such open-mindedness, as I implied last week when discussing Mr. Whitehead. Machine-like rules are all very well for the moron, who, no doubt, can be taught to play Bridge of a sort however inadequate his mental equipment; but one should teach intelligent players, not that every situation implies automatic reaction of a particular kind, but rather how to explore its possibilities with a view to an individual decision.

For these reasons, and because it is throughout written intelligently, I think Mr. England's book is well worth buying. I do not agree with *all* of the author's ideas; but I do not substantially differ from his general line of approach. Let me indicate one or two points of divergence which (as I am sure Mr. England would agree) are likely to be, for some time to come, the subject-matter of controversy.

First, I think an original bid of Two should be not only (to use Mr. England's term) a *demand* bid but a *forcing* bid. That is to say, it should be understood that one's partner *must* respond to it; not merely that he will do so if he has anything to show. The Two Bid convention in the "forcing system" means, of course, that the minimum for the original Two Bid must be higher than the minimum for Mr. England's demand bid—five quick tricks as against four. This is admittedly a disadvantage. But I think one is more likely to gain on balance from being *certain* of a response where one has a potential game-winning hand. If one leaves to chance the securing of a response from one's partner, one may not only miss potential slams, but even—what is much more serious—potential games.

Next, I doubt if Mr. England has yet worked out to his own satisfaction the principles upon which two-suit hands should be bid. He says (and I quite agree with him): "Where both suits are major and of equal length, call the longer suit first in order to get support from your partner if possible." But this rule is not to apply where a higher-valued four-card suit is headed by the Ace, King, Queen. On the following hand,

♦ A K Q 5; ♠ A K 10 9 4; ♦ 10 6 ♣ K 8,  
the initial bid recommended is One Spade, to be followed by Three Hearts if partner supports the Spades.

This seems to me odd. If I were Mr. England's partner and he opened with a Spade, showing the Hearts subsequently, I should draw the opposite conclusion from that intended: viz., that he had length in Spades and some strong supporting cards in Hearts.

I do not understand, by the way, why the initial bid on the above hand is not (on Mr. England's system) Two Hearts; for the following is given as an example of a Two-Heart hand:—

♦ 6 4 3; ♠ A K 9 4 2; ♦ K 7; ♣ A K Q,  
and I cannot, for the life of me, see the difference between the two.

Thirdly, I dislike original bids of Two No-Trumps, for the reason that an initial Two No-Trump bid makes it unnecessarily difficult subsequently to exchange information. Every hand must contain at least one four-card suit; and, therefore, it seems to me that one can tell one's partner all one wants him to know, when one holds a really strong hand, by beginning with a forcing Two Bid in the suit in question. The same argument applies *a fortiori* to bids of Three No-Trumps and over. The more one throws one's weight about in these initial bids, the less one's chance of acquiring that detailed information which is essential to successful slam bidding.

There are a number of other points that might be raised—to all of which, no doubt, as to those I have already discussed, Mr. England has his own answer. For it is clear from his book that he fully appreciates that delicate balance of mathematical and psychological factors upon which bidding at Contract depends.

#### INSURANCE NOTES

#### LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE

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Specimen rates per £100:—

Age next Birthday	Premiums ceasing at		
	60	65	
21	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
25	2 3 2	2 1 11	2 6 3
35	2 8 1	...	3 2 0
45	3 6 5	...	4 11 4
	5 5 9	...	

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Option 1.—The policyholder has the right of conversion to an endowment assurance maturing on the policy anniversary next before attaining ages sixty or sixty-five.

Option 2.—The policyholder may continue the contract as a whole-life assurance, the policy becoming fully paid-up on the policy anniversary next before attaining ages sixty or 65. Each option may be exercised in either of two ways. The assured may pay: (a) An increased annual premium for a sum assured equal to the amount of the original policy or (b) the same annual premium for a reduced capital sum assured.

Illustration.—Policy, £1,000. Age thirty-five next birthday, £21 6s. 8d. Option 1, premium for endowment assurance payable at age sixty, £65 16s., age sixty-five, £41 9s. 10d. Option 2, whole-life, ten more premiums of £37 and fifteen more of £28 7s. 5d. Alternatives, if original premium is maintained: Endowment assurance, payable at age sixty, £543; age sixty-five, £692; or whole-life, premium limited to ten more, £770; fifteen more, £866.

#### SUN LIFE OF CANADA

During the past two years great interest has been created amongst directors and employees of successful firms regarding the advisability of the institution of some type of pension plan combined with life assurance which will protect them against any disasters which may occur as a result of death, disability, or old age. A plan issued by the Sun Life of Canada has proved very successful when placed on a contributory basis, as it provides adequate benefits at a cost which both the employee and the firm can afford. Briefly, the plan provides that for each year's service the employee will be credited with a unit of paid-up pension which is a certain percentage of that year's salary. As a result an employee with normal service may expect to retire on a pension equal to at least 50 per cent. of the salary being received at the time of retirement. Adequate subsidiary benefits are provided which include payments to the employee upon withdrawal or to his beneficiary in the event of death. Upon leaving the firm (by dismissal or otherwise) he receives the whole of his contributions plus 3 per cent. compound interest. Should he die before retirement, an increasing death benefit is paid to his dependants consisting of an amount of group life assurance equal to one year's salary plus a return of all his contributions with 3 per cent. compound interest. Should death occur shortly after retirement, the pension is continued to his widow usually for at least five years. The firm's contributions are free from income tax, and the employee is allowed to claim rebate at the normal rate.

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## FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY  
HOME RAILS—ARGENTINE RAILS—COURTAULDS—OIL—BUILDING SOCIETIES

**I**N May, as we remarked at the time, the home railway world took leave of its economic senses. It discontinued the 2½ per cent. cut in wages and salaries. It thus prevented the companies from realizing any substantial economies to offset the inevitable decline in gross traffic receipts this year. These are the results for the half year:—

First Half Year.	L.M.&S.	L.& N.E.	G.W.	Southern.
Gross Traffics ...	£1,700	£813	£570	£180
Net Revenues ...	£1,100	£916	£295	£92
"Loss" Equivalent on				
Ord. Stock Divs.	— 1½%	— 2½%	— 4%	— 4%
	on pfd. ord.		on def. ord.	

The London Midland and Scottish has reduced its interim dividend from 2 per cent. to 1 per cent., and the Great Western from 2½ per cent. to 2¼ per cent. The London and North Eastern, as usual, is deferring consideration of its second preference stock dividends until the accounts for the whole year are available. The second half year will be worse than the first because under the agreement with the Unions the Companies must now continue to pay wages at 100 per cent. above 1914 rates up to November 12th. The following are the most cheerful estimates of dividends for 1930 which we can put forward—assuming that the Companies maintain their foolish practice of distributing earnings up to the hilt:—

	Dividends		Prices		Yield % on 1930
	1929	1930 (est.)	1929	Present	
L. M. & S.	4½%	2%	50	38½	£5 4 7½%
L. & N.E. Pfd. Ord.	3%	Nil	39½	19	
G. W.	7½%	6%	91½	77½	£7 14 5½%
Southern Def.	2½%	2%	84½	25	£8 0 0%

The London and North Eastern will, no doubt, pay a nominal dividend on its preferred ordinary stock in order to maintain legally the "trustee" status for its prior charges. There is as little sense in the railways' dividend policy as in their wages agreement.

\* \* \*

Home railway stockholders may derive comfort—such is human nature—from the misfortunes of investors in other railways. The Argentine railways have had a miserable year up to June 30th. On account of crop failures and bad trade the declines in their gross traffic receipts have been exceptionally heavy—the figures being Buenos Ayres Great Southern, 7.1 per cent., Buenos Ayres Pacific, 16.5 per cent., Buenos Ayres Western, 20.8 per cent., and Central Argentine, 22.7 per cent. Further, the Companies have exchange losses to bear, the Argentine peso having declined from 46½d. to 40½d. Estimates of dividends must therefore be conservatively made. Assuming that 20 per cent. of the decline in gross traffic receipts has been met by economies and that exchange losses are only half the size of those of 1923-4, we arrive at the following results:—

Est. Div.	Last	Int.	Yield %
1929-30.	Year's	Div.	on basis of
Buenos Ayres Gt. Southern	6%	8%	est. divs.
Buenos Ayres Pacific	5%	7%	£6 14 10%
Buenos Ayres Western	4%	7%	£6 5 9%
Central Argentine	6%	7%	£6 0 9%

If these estimates prove not to be pessimistic the present market prices of the stocks may not be held, except in the case of Central Argentine.

\* \* \*

On January 18th last, in commenting in these columns on the over-production rampant in the artificial silk industry, we expressed the view that the price-cutting policy of Courtaulds was designed to put the new and smaller British companies out of business, and that this policy would result in a substantial decline in Courtaulds' earnings and dividends. In respect of 1929, Courtaulds' dividends were cut from 15 per cent. to 10 per cent. tax free, and the interim dividend in respect of 1930 has been reduced from 4 per cent. to 3 per cent. tax free. Meanwhile, various small artificial silk companies have gone to the wall. For example, British Acetate Silk, which had a capital of

£2,048,496, went into liquidation in June, and recently a liquidator was appointed for Nuera Art Silk. The latter held the British rights of the Lilienfeld process, which makes the best artificial silk in the world. For a time Courtaulds held the Nuera selling rights. Such high expectations were held of this process that Nuera Art Silk 1s. deferred shares rose to 35s. in the 1928-29 boom. Whether Courtaulds, in dropping the sales agreement, left the Company free to sell the Lilienfeld rights in this country to other parties is immaterial; it is Courtaulds' price-cutting policy which is mainly responsible for the tragedy of liquidation. The price war goes on. In the United States the American Viscose Corporation, the subsidiary of Courtaulds, announced drastic cuts in rayon prices last week. The Stock Exchange is asking whether British Celanese can last out the fight: few brokers believe that it can be earning its preference share dividends. Whatever happens, it is obvious that Courtaulds will emerge with a larger proportion of the trade in their hands than ever before. The following market prices show the effect of nervous selling:—

	1929	1930	Present
	High	High	Price
Courtaulds	... 5 9-32	57/2	2 1-16
British Celanese Ord. 10s.	44/4	21/6½	9/3
British Celanese 1st Pref. £1	16/4½	15/6	11/0
British Celanese 2nd Pref. £1	18/3	14/6	9/0

Courtaulds' shares should be watched, for the artificial silk trade is almost certain to be among the first to improve when the turn comes.

\* \* \*

The little flutters in the oil share market are usually not long maintained. We would not advise anyone to go "long" of oil shares because the crude oil production of the United States has now been restricted to 2,500,000 barrels a day—against 2,978,450 barrels a day in August last year. We grant that it is almost a miracle that American oil operators should have combined so successfully as to bring production down by 16 per cent., but it is disturbing to find that in spite of this achievement, and in spite of the consumption of gasoline in the first half of this year having been 10 per cent. greater than in the corresponding period of last year, bulk gasoline prices in the United States are still falling and are now at the lowest level seen for years. Gasoline stocks, although reduced in July, are still excessive, and stocks of all oils are equivalent to nearly eight months' supply. The danger is that oil companies may have to carry larger inventories into next year and take substantial inventory losses in their accounts. The big American combines, like Shell Union, are finding it hard to show a profit at present selling prices on investments in marketing plant recently acquired, and are forced under the oil restriction policy to see a large proportion of their investment in oil production lie sterilized, like gold in the vaults of the Federal Reserve Banks. Let us not forget that companies which cannot now be earning their dividends do not go on paying them for long.

\* \* \*

Building societies in a prolonged period of cheap money are apt to become *embarras de richesse*. Who is not attracted in these days by the slogan "5 per cent. tax free with safety"? Indeed, so rapid has been the growth of building societies' resources in the past two years that it must already be difficult for them to find new mortgage investments in sufficient volume without losing quality. The Abbey Road Building Society has, therefore, taken the wise precaution of limiting as from August 1st an individual share account to £1,000, and a total share and deposit account to £4,975. The shares in this case receive 5 per cent. tax free, and the deposits 4 per cent. tax free. Is this move not a summons to building societies in the London and Home Counties area to reduce the 6 per cent. rate they fixedly charge to borrowers?

